



The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

Over 650,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

MARCH 30, 1946

PRICE

3d

SHEER WOOLLEN page 9



A world of Enjoyment

Globe Cornflour is that priceless ingredient which gives cakes, Blanc-Mange, puddings and soups that extra piquancy . . . that desired deliciousness which makes a success of any meal.

GLOBE CORNFLOUR



ANOTHER PARSONS QUALITY PRODUCT

DON was a changed man since he'd been in the Army. Gone were the house-shaking leaps to the telephone, the banging doors, and the unruly hair.

The present-day Don, home on long leave, was almost dour and always meticulously neat in appearance.

The change was worrying his mother, Mrs. Brooks. She looked at him across the breakfast table, and speculated on possible reasons for it. "It must be Gloria," she finally decided. Gloria, the girl who had suddenly married a few days after Don had returned home.

Don's silence was depressing and she attempted to start a conversation. Nothing happened. Finally Don's eyes left the window-sill at which he had been gazing abstractedly and focused on her.

"Plans for to-day?" he inquired politely, as to a stranger. "I don't intend to move out of this chair. Why?"

"Oh," stared Mrs. Brooks. "I just —" The telephone rang. Don didn't move. Mrs. Brooks answered and poured into it oh-certainties and how-wonderfuls. She returned to the room and said, "That was the Sandes. They're coming over for lunch. They're bringing a quart of their Jersey cream, and some home-made butter."

"Which Sandes?" Don was out of focus again.

"Gordon and Lucille Sands and their daughter Jenny."

Don sat erect. "That mad hat!" He groaned. "You remember about her. When we visited them, she used to chase me and it was either kiss the tomboy or dodge a handful of gravel. She—oh, I thought I'd never see that bounding vitamin pill again, and now look! With my wound and all," he pleaded.

"Don, that was ten years ago. She was only twelve. I visited the Sandes often while you were away, and I'm sure you'll find Jenny more acceptable. She's nice-looking, really, and talented."

"There, talented? That does it." Don, you go for a swim. I'll tell the Sandes you'll be back for lunch. You'll have to go through with it."

"Br-a-a-k."

"Shave first, then swim."

Don dove into the lake. He swam to a sandbank stretched his tanned body on the warm sand and relaxed.

The sun was a warm blanket. Don was through with beautiful little blonde creatures who

OLD ACQUAINTANCE

Since Don last saw her she had become gay, lovely, and engaged to another man.

By . . .

HERBERT DEPEW

married someone else. Henceforth, he was a recluse. He dozed.

Swimming noises approached and flopped up on the sand. A voice close to Don's ear, a soft vox humana, asked for a kiss. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, and was completely dazzled by the face and form beside him.

With a gasp, he moved over and executed the kiss and said, "Just a minute. I'm going to do that again." He moved closer and did it again.

"Why, you meanie! Taking advantage when I just wanted to say hello!"

"You're Jenny."

"Yes."

"You're beautiful."

Don moved over the remaining quarter inch.

"Keep your distance. I'm a grown woman, engaged to be married and," she chillingly pointed up the discourse, "in love."

Don stood up and pulled Jenny to her feet. They swam for the shore and raced for the house. From the bathroom a few minutes later came sounds of shaving with ugly snatches of song. Don opened the door and howled. "Mum, come here!" Mum went there and found that Don had cut himself in seven places. She went over the wounds with a styptic pencil and made an accurate appraisal.

"Don, it's hopeless. First Gloria, now Jenny. She's engaged and will be married next month."

"What are you talking about?"

"Don't play no-spik-Englis with me. An hour ago you were a hermit. Now you're a trembling youth who can't shave himself. I warned you she had improved, didn't I?"

"You could be sued for understatement, Mum, she looks like—"

"I know. You look the other way."

Dressed, Don met Jenny on the stair landing. Jenny's father, Gordon Sands, glanced up the stairs as Don caught Jenny in his arms and kissed her with sufficient zing to spin the landing.

"Jenny!" commanded Gordon. The landing made another quarter turn and stopped.

"Yes, father," said the obedient child, and led Don down. "You remember Don Brooks, father. We played together when we were babies and I jokingly asked him, once, for a kiss, and he refused. But just now he—m'm—you see."

Gordon shook hands reservedly. "Lieutenant Brooks, you and your mother must visit us some time and meet Jenny's fiancé."

Mrs. Brooks joined the group. "Of course! We'd love to, some time," she contributed heavily. "Next Sunday then, if it's all right with the Sandes," said Don resonantly, and quickly walked over to greet Lucille Sands.

On Sunday, Don and his mother drove into the deep, peaceful valley he remembered so well. They were admitted to the Sands home by the maid, who said the family had gone into the garden.

"Here come Gordon and Lucille now," said Mrs. Brooks, "and there are Jenny and Basil Hooker."

"Who is Basil Hooker?"

"Jenny's fiancé."

"Oh, him."

After greetings

Gordon Sands

and Basil

"Ow!" Jenny squealed, as Basil turned the torch on to her and Don.

Hooker showed Don round. New buildings replaced the old sheds Don remembered so well. Gordon Sands had built an extensive business in well-drilling.

Don was keenly interested. Basil's interest was perfunctory, even jumpy. He had a huge frame, wavy black hair, a beaked nose, a little slit of a mouth and a jutting chin; and he kept all this equipment pointed toward the door. Soon

Jenny came in, carrying a bantam rooster. Basil tried to lead her out of the shed, but she told him she wanted to hear what her father and Don were saying.

"Here," she said, handing the bantam to Basil, "you go ahead if you like. I'll stay here."

Basil tossed the rooster floorward in distaste.

Please turn to page 12

FLOWERS FOR JOSIE

By M. STURT TAYLOR

NO, really, I couldn't possibly," Josie smiled her sweetest, apologetic smile into the telephone. The smile deepened as a smooth little stream of flattery trickled into her listening ear. But she still shook her head. Prettily.

"But you can't expect me to break a long-standing appointment with someone else, just because it's your last night on leave, now, can you?" she continued. "You ought to have rung earlier, anyway. No, I don't blame you—yes, I do blame the Navy, but still—"

Already in Josie's pretty voice there was just a hint of capitulation. Her voice said, "No, I couldn't possibly," but her tone suggested, "Oh, well, if you can manage to be persuasive enough."

From her seat in the porch near the phone, Josie's younger sister watched her with youthful disapproval.

"You're going to break another appointment!" accused Helen, softly.

She continued to watch as Josie surrendered. Surrendered with an air of being helpless under such masterly persuasiveness as came over the phone.

Josie was a flirt, Helen reflected for the thousandth time. She had a different kind of manner for every possible occasion. She was so devastatingly pretty that Helen had often felt that she would give her own ears just to look like Josie for one whole week, but she constantly deplored Josie's heartlessness with men.

Helen, not very tidy, not very graceful, and not in the least glamorous, watched her sister as she, with a little sigh, rang off.

"Men are a nuisance," said Josie, looking slightly smug about it.

Helen, seventeen, as yet unloved as far as romantic affairs were concerned, and still more than a little gauche, watched her sister's face and her dainty figure.

"You are breaking the appointment for to-night, aren't you?" she demanded.

"Mum! I have to. It's this lad's last night on leave, and I can

see Rex Major any time. He'll be here for weeks yet. Repairs to his ship or something. But the one on the phone will be sailing to-morrow, I expect. So that's fair enough, isn't it?"

Helen nodded doubtfully.

"I suppose so—in a way—but it's hard if a man looks forward to an evening with you and then finds he's just dumped for someone else, when—"

Josie's laugh broke in lightly.

"He won't know that, you silly kid. Don't be so naive."

"Why, what shall you tell him?"

"What shall you tell him," Josie corrected. "Well, you'll meet Rex Major at the station to-night—you'll be going to your Girls' Club, won't you?—and you'll tell him that I have a raging toothache and can't possibly come, but to ring me to-morrow. See?"

Helen shook her head firmly, beginning to refuse even before she found words for the refusal.

"I won't do anything so mean—and it's a lie—and it's not even a good lie; you have perfect teeth; anyone can see that."

Josie shrugged gracefully.

"It'll do. You can have neuralgia even when your teeth are good. Rex'll believe it. As a matter of fact, I did have just a twinge one night when I was out with him. As for it being mean, isn't it meaner to tell him the truth?"

Josie's arm slipped caressingly round Helen's slim shoulders.

"Help me out, like a good girl."

And already Helen knew that she would. Josie could be very persuasive.

"Oh, all right. What's he look like, and what time, and exactly where?"

Josie gave her sister an affectionate squeeze as she gave the necessary details.

That evening in the train, Helen rehearsed her role of deceiver. Having spotted her quarry at the book-

stall—"You can't mistake him," Josie had said, "a naval lieutenant, gold braid and stuff on his sleeves and cap, tall and fair, with lovely teeth and very nice eyes"—well, having spotted him, Helen decided that she would go right up to him and say, quite calmly and coolly, like they did on the films—"Lieutenant Major?" Then he would salute smartly and say, "Yes. That is correct." Or, maybe, "At your service."

By the time she reached the station, Helen felt herself word-perfect, and completely poised. That is, she felt this until she reached the bookstall and spotted Josie's temporarily rejected swain. He was tall and fair, and gold-braided all right, but she hadn't quite counted on him looking so studious and stern, and so terribly honest. The sort of man who'd pick a lie just as soon as it was uttered.

Helen swallowed nervously, and approached with a total absence of any of the self-assurance that she had decided upon. The young officer's glance flickered over her, then remained fixed as she began to speak.

"I have some disappointing news for you," began Helen abruptly.

The young man raised slightly quizzical brows.

"Have you?" he said politely, as his hand lifted to the salute.

"Yes. My sister—Josie, you know—won't be able to meet you. She has toothache. Very bad."

The young man smiled. It could have meant anything.

"Toothache!" said he, with a mildly incredulous air.

Helen nodded doggedly.

"Yes. You wouldn't think so, would you, with lovely teeth like Josie has; but neuralgia, you know. She gets that sometimes."

Helen was suddenly very anxious that he shouldn't guess that he had been dumped.

Grave eyes considered her as she grew a little more flustered and even less sure of herself.

"And you came all the way in specially to tell me?" he inquired gently.

Helen greatly wished that she had, so that he would think her kind and thoughtful and unselfish, but her natural honesty won.

"Well, no, not exactly. I didn't. I was going to the Girls' Club, anyhow, and I promised to give you the message."

"Oh," said the young man.

Helen flushed unhappily under the steady gaze.

"Well, now that I've given you the message, I'll be getting along," she said lamely.

The quizzical smile was there again.

"And what's to become of me? My evening's messed up completely now. You can't offer any helpful suggestions, I suppose."

Helen considered his earnest face, liking it better and better.

"You could go to the pictures—it's quite early," she said, without any striking originality.

"A bit dull alone. Though perhaps you could come with me?"

Helen's heart gave quite a jump, but almost at once she shook her head.

"Oh, I couldn't do that! Josie wouldn't like it."

"Why?"

"Oh, well, she might, but I don't think so. I'd better not," said Helen, longing with all her heart to go.

The young man appeared to consider and come to a decision.

"All right. You nick off to your Girls' Club or whatever it is, and I'll buy some flowers and take them out to Josie."



"Now that I've given you the message, I'll get along," Helen said lamely.

"Damp-set" YOUR HAIR

First Hollywood, now Australia, acclaims this discovery of a famous American beauty chemist. . . . Used by smart women everywhere to keep their hair-styles "salon-fresh."

JUST 3 STEPS. (1) Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. (2) Brush through a few drops of VELMOL. (3) Arrange in waves and curls with fingers and comb. Works perfectly on any hair . . . any wave. Ask your chemist, to-day, for VELMOL.



"Auricle" Style by Nettie MacKellar Sydney Salon



What a glorious change this four-minute damp-set makes in dull, unruly hair! Revives your wave. Keeps curls in place. Hair gleams with lustre—never "stiff" or oily!



EVEN A KITTEN'S JEALOUS

Petal-soft warmth and velvety smoothness intertwine for "Snug-l-down" lingerie—to vie with a kitten's coosiness. "Snug-l-down" presents you in shimmering art-silk—brushed on the inside for you to nestle into . . . dreamy pink and snow-white are the shades.



Snug-l-down
Product of Australia Silk Ltd., Sydney - Melbourne - Brisbane - Perth

Please turn to page 17

DANGER ON THE RUN

By . . .

David Dodge

TOM RODGERS joins the staff of Associated Carriers, ostensibly as a truck driver, but actually as a special insurance agent investigating constant violent robberies of the firm's consignments. He meets other employees—WALLACE, warehouse manager; HARRY DEMPSEY, dispatcher; NOVACK and SULLY, truck drivers; and is very attracted by pretty dispatcher FRANCES CARROLL.

After some days without incident, he is attacked on the road, and his consignment is stolen by masked bandits.

He plans a trap, but at the last moment overhears a telephone conversation leading him to believe that Frances and Dempsey are in league with the robbers and have set them on the trail of Sully, who had just driven away from the warehouse.

Tom sets off to the rescue, but some distance along the road Sully comes staggering toward him, badly wounded, and dies in his arms. Now read on—

BADLY shaken, Tom placed the dead man's body carefully in the cab of the truck. He was not going to enjoy Sully's company in the driver's seat, but there was no way to fasten the body in the back of the truck, and he did not want it bumping around loose during the trip down the mountain.

He had to drive nearly a mile up the grade before he found a place wide enough to turn around. He parked the truck off the highway, extinguished the lights, and searched back down the road with a flashlight until he found the beginning of Sully's trail in the dust. The outside shoulder of the road was broken away and the long beam of Tom's flashlight showed him a smashed automobile in the gully far below.

It took him an hour to find his way down into the deep ravine. He was dirty and wet with sweat when he climbed back to the road again much later, but there had been nothing in the wreck to give him a clue. Either Sully had forced it off the road before he was shot or the hijackers had pushed it over to get it out of the way.

It was very late when he brought his truck back to the warehouse. Lights still burned in the office. Tom did not know whom he would find inside, but he hoped it would be Harry Dempsey and not Frances Carroll. That way he could put the police on her trail and not have to see her again.

No one came from the warehouse to investigate the sound of the truck motor. When Tom entered the manager's office, Dempsey was not in sight. Frances Carroll slept uncomfortably by the telephone. Tom's jaw muscles tightened as he looked at her.



"Frances." She woke instantly. The fog of sleep left her eyes, and alarm came into them as she saw the bloodstains on his dirty shirt.

"It isn't mine this time," he said. "Sully is dead."

Some of the color left her face.

"Who—who killed him?"

"You tell me."

She looked up at him with a completely blank expression.

"Don't try to stall." He held out his identification card. "I'm an investigator for Midwest-Central In-

"You're safe!" Frances cried, running forward with eyes for nobody but Tom.

demnity Company. I heard you pass the tip twenty minutes after Sully left here. I took another truck and followed him, but your friends beat me to it. The whisky is gone and Sully's body is outside. Who shot him?"

"Tom, this is silly. You misunderstood what you heard."

"Who were you talking to?"

Instead of replying to his question, she stood up and faced him.

"Do you really think that I'm — that I would set a murderer on Sully for a load of whisky?"

He said hotly, "I heard you talking to somebody on the phone, and I'm going to find out who it was. If you won't talk to me, you can talk to the police. Come on."

He took her wrist in a firm grip and started for the door.

"Tom, please! If you'll wait until morning I can explain everything. I can't go now. I've got to be here until —"

She stopped, listening. A car, driven fast, had come along the street and pulled up outside.

Tom said, "Who is it?" When she didn't answer, he took the gun from inside his shirt and stepped to the side of the door, pulling her with him.

Please turn to page 20

BUBBLES... SUMMER SHOWERS





FALLING IN LOVE AGAIN

...with Schoolgirl Complexion

... With the soft, smooth skin that first won for you his admiring glances... Wise are the women of today who safeguard the loveliness of their complexions with the precious palm and olive oils contained in PALMOLIVE SOAP.

A complexion that is fresh and clear... a skin as lovely in daytime as it is beneath soft, shaded lights

is forever admired. The simple sure way to keep your skin smooth and softly radiant is by your daily beauty bath with PALMOLIVE SOAP.

PALMOLIVE'S silky lather gently but surely removes all impurities from your skin making it completely Schoolgirl Complexion... to give you all-over loveliness!



PALMOLIVE SOAP
for all-over loveliness

DYEING to wear them

By JEANNE MULLINS

WHEN my husband opens a conversation with, "You know that something - or - other of mine?" by rights the icy hand of premonition should clutch at my heart and I should go to great lengths to suppress him in all directions.

Unhappily, being a sort of quaint blend of Alice in Wonderland and Mr. Micawber, I am usually apt to answer "H'mmm?" in an inviting sort of voice, and all is then lost.

It is an extremely dangerous hazard, because a set-up of this nature has all the earmarks of A Plan, and A Plan, when coming from Bill, is likely to turn out a tall and dread thing.

He had A Plan last week. "You know those Army strides of mine?" he began.

"H'mmm? Which ones?"
"The light ones. Summer drill things. You know—slacks, troops, for the use of."

"You should have been a journalist," I said. "You have such a flair for description. What about them?"
"Jolly good pants, you know. Comfortable and all that. Pity to waste them."

I have a knitting needle, largely, to the air. "Well, wear them, my pea. Wear them!"

"But—khaki," he said. "After all, I ask you—khaki? A man doesn't want to go round looking like a discharged serviceman in his discharged serviceman's uniform!"

Oddly enough, I understand this peculiar reasoning, and my nod is both intelligent and sympathetic.

"What about having them dyed?"
"Matter of fact, I popped into that place on the corner, but not only black or navy. I don't fancy black or navy, do you?"

"Can't say I do. What do you fancy?"

"I thought a dark plum, or how about a nice ox-blood?"
"A nice ox-blood sounds tasty."

"Old Charlie Gregg," he said, irrelevantly, getting up and kicking the fender for no apparent reason, "dyed his himself. A beautiful dark tan."

"Oh—but—" I protest. "Charlie Gregg is one of those men. I mean Charlie actually made the baby a pram-cover with a cotton-reel or something."

"Man must be a magician!"
"Oh, he had three tacks and a bit of wool, too."

"Yes. Well, that's rather beside the point. This dyeing business is just child's play, he reckons. Like falling off logs. All you do is get some of this stuff and plonk them in!"

Old Rose

LET us now pass over all else that has gone before, or between, and get on to the next scene, which finds Bill and me avidly studying a small, badly printed leaflet.

He reads it aloud. "Wartime Carton. Made in Australia. Registered trademark. Color group—Peach, Orchid, Nude, Nile, Eoru, Old Rose, Lavender, Bisque—I say! To think I could have them bisque if I liked! Or old rose!"

"For heaven's sake! What color did you get?"



THE SALT is important, so Bill grabs the shaker from the dining-room table.

"Well, the girl said they didn't have ox-blood, but she reckoned I could make it mixing red and brown. So I have here cardinal-red and nigger-brown."

"Well, get on with it. I can't stand much more of this bisque business."

"Right. Well, it says, 'First—hold on, here's an asterisk! Ah, here it is. Follow instructions as above.' What the heck do they think I'm doing?"

I peer over his shoulder. "Stupid! That belongs to this thing here for a boiling dye. Are you a Boiler or a Cold Water?"

"Oh, by Jove! What a moot point! To boil, or not to boil! Which is best?"

"I haven't the vaguest notion."

"Well, there's only three lines in the Boiling: We'll do that, eh?"
"As you will, my love."

The next thing is to find the pants.

They are duly run to earth at the bottom of a kithag under the broken mangle in the toolshed. They are not so dirty, as khaki pants go.

"Dissolve dye in small quantity of boiling water in small vessel."

"Right! We now pour the little vessel into the big vessel and—where's the pamphlet? Ah, yes, dilute until in sufficient quantity to cover material. Immerse garment. Right! Garment now immersed."

We stand by then and admire our beautiful dye and are suddenly seized with the compulsion to cast all manner of clothing into the dye-pot until it seems likely everything in the house will soon be a lurid red.

Finally they are declared "done," but as I am lifting out the first victim he lets out a howl and says we've forgotten the salt.

It's under Important on the pamphlet, so he grabs the shaker off the dining-room table and we dash a bit in.

Not for khaki

ON scanning the pamphlet closely we are further shaken to find the thing promises to dye cotton, rayon, silk, wool, and mixed goods, but not a word about khaki drill!

"Perhaps it's a mixed goods?"
"What a comforting idea! It says to rinse them, too, but I'm getting a bit sick of it. Will we?"

"They're so lovely and ox-bloody now, aren't they? They might go lighter."

So without further ado we steal out to the clothes-line and drape the weird assortment of garments thereon to dry.

Tired, but happy, we go in for lunch.

After that we get caught up with visitors, and the next time we give the dyeing a thought is just as we're going to bed.

"What about the dyeing? I'd forgotten all about it."

"I better nick out and get it. The night air, and the dew, and the frost, and so forth!"
"It's the depth of summer. But please yourself."

He dashed off eagerly like a kid going to open his Christmas stocking.

I heard him come back from the

line into the kitchen and start turning on lights.

Then there is a long, awful silence.

Some time later the bedroom door opens, and Bill stands there. His face is pale. His jaw sags.

"Guess what color the pants are?"

"Bisque?"
"No. Jungle-green!"

The Glamour of a STUDIO PORTRAIT in everyday life!



Erasmic
Face Powder
GIVES YOUR SKIN
THE NEW
"Photo Finish"

The glamour of your loveliest studio portrait . . . yours all day long, now that Erasmic Face Powder contains "Sole Parisienne"—an ingredient demanded by every smart woman of France when she has her very own special powder blended at her *parfumerie*.

With this beauty ingredient, Erasmic gives your skin the new "photo finish," a glorious matt smoothness—even in sunshine and under harsh ballroom lights just as before your very own mirror. Through "Sole Parisienne," Erasmic brings you what all photographers strive for—a fresh, glowing look that makes you

stand out. And there's no fear of your skin looking shiny in the hottest restaurant now—because Erasmic clings better than ever.

"SOLE PARISIENNE"
holds the perfume!

This precious beauty ingredient absorbs and holds Erasmic's perfume for you! When most powders are half used, the fragrance has gone . . . but the haunting sweetness of Erasmic lasts to the very end! And although Erasmic contains "Sole Parisienne," it costs no more. Give your own skin the new "photo finish." Get a box to-day.



Stimulates
Tired
Muscles!

And well it might!!
BOSISTO'S
EUCALYPTUS
LINIMENT not
only contains the
well-tested
BOSISTO'S
EUCALYPTUS
OIL but other
scientifically
balanced
medicaments
designed to
give speedy
relief from
Sciatica, Neuralgia,
backache, insect
stings, chilblains and
every kind of
muscular disorder.

DON'T FORGET
BOSISTO'S
PARROT
BRAND
EUCALYPTUS OIL
for inhalation, internal use and
as an antiseptic.

BOSISTO'S LINIMENT
PARROT BRAND

Two Shillings per bottle . . . Everywhere



it's a date



OFF FOR A COCKTAIL, OUT FOR THE EVENING - A HEAVENLY
NIGHT OF DANCING. "DIANA COCKTAILS" SANDALS
WILL GIVE YOU FOOT LOVELINESS THAT WILL
MAKE YOU THE ENVY OF ALL.
CREATED BY HI-LARKS FOR AFTER DARK GLAMOUR.



"DIANA COCKTAILS"
OBTAINABLE IN THE FOLLOWING
COLOURS:

- ALL SILVER.
- SILVER AND BLACK SUEDE.
- SILVER AND RED CALE.
- SILVER AND BLUE CALE.
- BLUE SUEDE WITH RED PLATFORM.
- RED SUEDE WITH BLUE PLATFORM.
- MUSTARD SUEDE WITH GREEN PLATFORM.
- BLACK SUEDE WITH RED PLATFORM.

with "hi-larks"
Diana Cocktails

PRODUCED BY ARTHUR L. ROSEBERRY ADVERTISING.

RETAIL TRADE ONLY : WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS
81 YORK ST., SYDNEY

WOOL...sheer as voile, sleek as silk

Scientists produce non-shrink and moth-proof woollens

Radioed by MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London staff

England's magicians in the scientific laboratories have waved a fairy wand over the mundane woollen garments we have known for years, and the results, strange and wonderful indeed, will soon be delighting women all over the world.

Among many "sea changes" is a gossamer-fine material that will make our old winter woollens as outmoded as grandmother's red flannel drawers.

FINE as voile it retains all the softness and warmth of wool, and in delicate pastel shades and dainty floral patterns makes delightful under-clothing.

Secret of this material is a new soluble thread made of seaweed and called alginate.

This, added to fine wool threads to enable them to stand the strain of the weaving process, is washed out with ordinary soap and water after the cloth leaves the loom.

Alginate material is featherweight. It weighs one and a half ounces a yard, and has vast possibilities.

It will not be available in Australia for some months, though one exhibition garment of alginate may be shown there during the winter.

But it will not be long before your flimsy summer frocks or fluffy evening gowns can be made entirely of wool.

If "alginate" for summer does not sound quite glamorous enough, there is another fabric, "papain," also of pure wool, that looks and feels just like silk.

It gets its name from the papaw extract that gives it a silky finish.

This extract is collected from the papaws by tapping the fruit in the same way that latex is collected from rubber trees.

The wool first goes through a process known as dry-chlorination, then is treated with papain.

Apart from its obvious use for making attractive clothing materials, this process can be used to make non-felting fibre for filling cushions and quilts which can be washed as often as you please without developing uncomfortable and unsightly lumps.

The dry-chlorination process produces unshrinkable wool thread with which any material can

be "shrinkage-controlled," the amount of shrinkage of any material being gauged to suit the uses of the cloth.

Wool treated in this fashion has another virtue. It absorbs dye more quickly than untreated thread.

By judicious mixing of threads, patterns can be woven in white wool. In the dye bath the pattern will come up as a tone pattern, or one of color contrasts.

This means a quicker response to the color fashions of the moment. Instead of dyeing the yarn, then weaving the cloth, the manufacturer can make quantities of patterned white material which can quickly be dyed when the "season's color" becomes apparent.

The dye bath has added importance these days. The wily moth—bane of the housewife's existence—has at last been defeated.

A new substance called "Mitten," dissolved in the dye bath, will moth-proof fabric for the duration of its life.

Furniture, too

FOR some years, many large airlines have used woollen furnishing fabrics in their planes wherever possible, because wool is extremely light and practically fireproof.

Now that it can be made both moth-proof and shrink-proof, it is coming into its own as a home-furnishing fabric.

But here again it is not the same old wool you knew before the war.

Walk into a normal, brightly furnished room after the wool scientists have been busy, and you will get some surprises.

Take those comfortable-looking red leather chairs.

They are really upholstered in wool which has been treated with colorless plastic.

The result is an almost indestructible fabric which does not become baggy or wrinkled, because it has all the elasticity of wool.



GOSSAMER-FINE "ALIGNATE," all-wool fabric woven with seaweed in its initial stages, will be indistinguishable from the marquisette in this sequin-embroidered turquoise dinner frock (New York Dress Institute.)

And it has the insulating qualities of wool, too—reasonably warm in winter and cool in summer.

It is ideal for car upholstery, too; no blistering hot seats when the car has been standing in the summer sun.

The plasticating process was discovered as a result of its wartime research by the firm which invented self-sealing fuel tanks for aeroplanes.

The material makes delightful handbags, gloves, and shoes, as well as practical, smart furnishings.

Now look at the curtains hanging in rich, heavy folds. They are made of a new, finely milled felt design, which seems almost alive.

This stereoscopic effect is gained by raising or teasing the surface of the material after printing. At another window the same effect is achieved by printing on short felt velvet pile material.

The floor is carpeted from wall to wall with fine, hard-wearing flooring felt, with two or three woven rugs as color accents.

The windows themselves are covered with wool net of slightly larger mesh than mosquito netting.

This, incidentally, makes a delightful bouffant net evening dress, and there is none of the usual danger of flaring up from a carelessly handled match or fire.

But scientists are not satisfied. These apparent miracles have been achieved mainly during the war years, when little time or manpower could be spared for wool research.

Now they will have time to concentrate on this research, and even they are not prepared to forecast "fabrics of the future."



SHEER WOOL in this nightgown weighs only 4oz. (Exhibit at Australian Wool Board, Melbourne.) Our cover also comes from the Wool Board.

CLINGING FOLDS, as soft as if they were in silk, will be possible with all-wool "papain" treated with papaw to give silky finish.

French designers welcome wool back after war years

Radioed from ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

From the merino's back to the mannequin's back a lifeline has been flung that is spelt in a word of four letters—wool.

THIS lifeline is only of cobweb thickness, but reaching Paris in time for the spring collections it developed a new silhouette and dictated a mode.

France, starved of raw material, including our wool, on which to rebuild one of her major industries, received from Britain a small portion of the clip she got from Australia.

It set the wheels spinning and the looms working, and it stimulated the creative genius of France's fashion designers.

Wool jersey—requiring more wool but less labor—was the first material out of the bales into the hands of the couturiers.

They handled it lovingly and artistically, and when the curtain went up on the spring collections draped hips and bodices, and soft

shoulders, for which wool jersey lent itself, became first favorites.

With finer, firmer woollens, beautifully woven, durable, and of a quality they had not handled for years, couturiers gave the world the new skin-tight silhouette.

For the designers it was sheer joy to have pure wool again.

After six years of using fibres and rabbit wools and nothing but artificial textiles, the designers took their inspiration from the days before the last two wars, when quality was the hallmark of distinction.

All the exaggerated fullness needed to disguise the poor quality of artificial materials during the years of occupation was swept aside for good line and fine workmanship.

The designers turned out nearly half their spring collections in wool, making lightweight wools fashionable for summer as well as autumnal days.

No one was more excited at having wool to work with than Rodier—grandson of the founder of a firm famous for fancy fabrics.

He turned out wool of gossamer lightness, heavily embossed in gold to look like lace.

He produced a wool velvet, richer, more supple than duvetyn, which is his fabric, too.

In six months he had 500 different patterns of woollen goods. And that is just a beginning.

Rodier promises a host of new weaves for the next collections.

His plain materials he weaves on electric looms, but the beautiful fancy fabrics are worked to his designs in tiny cottages throughout the 42 villages in northern France whose very existence depends on getting raw wool.

Twisting famous words, Rodier, when I interviewed him, said: "Give us the wool, we'll finish the job."

For France's first consignment is fast running out, and there is no promise of any more.

That is why everyone in France turns eyes to Australia, the country that can throw out a lifeline halfway across the world from the vast sheep stations of the outback right into the glamorous, gilded showrooms of the Rue de la Paix.

Editorial

MARCH 30, 1946

FOR CLEANER CITIES

NEW YORK is conducting a cleaner city campaign, but it is reported that Mayor O'Dwyer is finding even his formidable array of hoses, brooms, and watering-trucks ineffective against the dirt and litter with which New York citizens strew their streets daily.

Civic fathers all over the world are facing the same problem.

During the war there was neither manpower nor materials to keep cities smart and clean.

Result was a general lowering of standards until, gradually, people became hardly aware of dirt and untidiness that would once have appalled them.

This has happened in most large Australian towns and some have already had campaigns to restore prewar standards.

As in so many other matters, however, the ultimate success of such campaigns depends on the individual.

We won't achieve clean towns until every citizen feels just as keenly about public property as he does about his own private property.

It is extraordinary how often a mother who sharply rebukes her small son if he bashes her kitchen stove will happily let him carve pieces off a park bench.

And a man who winces when a friend drops a cigarette butt on his just-swept garden path will drop a cigarette carton on the footpath outside.

The same principle applies to many other reforms. When the citizen cares as much for the community welfare as for that of himself and his family, democracy will work a lot better.

Woman diplomat is success

U.S. gives warm welcome to talented personality

Cabled by Our Washington Correspondent

Handsome Mrs. Marjorie D. Spikes, first woman attache for women's affairs in the British Foreign Service, has made such a success of her job that the appointment of other women to diplomatic positions is being considered.

Mrs. Spikes, who is 51 and a grandmother, is with the British Embassy in Washington, D.C.

THE diplomatic colony in Washington felt that a minor atomic bomb had been dropped when His Majesty's Government announced the appointment of a "distaff diplomat."

The conservative Embassy circles received their colleague politely, but secretly disapproved of the womanly invasion of their province and gloomily predicted that the innovation would not work.

To-day they concede that it was one of the smartest moves the Foreign Office has made for a decade.

Mrs. Spikes' appointment is likely to be the forerunner of a Government-sponsored interchange of women educators and social workers between the old and new worlds.

That is one of her pet ambitions. "A long step would be taken toward permanent world peace if women of different nations got to know each other more intimately," she said.

"We must have an exchange of ideas and knowledge of others' problems. The only way that can be accomplished is through personal contacts."

"As a beginning we should have a much closer understanding between women of England, Australia, America, and other English speaking countries."

Mrs. Spikes' mission to the United States has had two main objectives: to explain how British women are meeting postwar problems and to learn how Americans are handling similar situations.

Travels constantly

BRITAIN'S "distaff diplomat" has travelled thousands of miles, delivered hundreds of speeches in carrying out her task in America.

She has visited every section of the country, spoken on housing, education, child welfare, delinquency, youth movements, postwar problems of veterans, adult education, and the part women must play in world affairs.

She has toured a negro women's reformatory in the Mississippi area, and the most exclusive girls' finishing school in New England.

She has conferred with the Labor Department, farm groups, city planners, prison officials, school boards, and housing heads.

Through personal appearances and radio addresses she has reached an audience of between three and four

million women in her five hectic months in America.

She expresses herself eloquently in a delightful speaking voice, not the haughty, clipped English accent which aggravates most Americans.

Mrs. Spikes isn't a chic socialite, but always looks well groomed and trim in plain, casual suits.

She has finely chiselled features, and wears her iron-grey hair in a close-cropped, boyish bob.

She is the mother of three sons and two daughters, and is proud of her three grandchildren.

Her figure, the envy of many women in their thirties, probably reflects the meagre diet in Britain since 1940.

Mrs. Spikes has been a socialist Laborite for as long as she can remember.

She was educated at Kendrick

Special Fiction Issue

HIGHLIGHT of our Special Fiction Issue to be published next week is the serial "Days and Nights," by Konstantine Simonov. This powerful and moving story, which has been translated from the original Russian, is the first great non-political novel to emerge from the war in Russia.

Centring on the grim siege of Stalingrad, it concerns itself not so much with military strategy as with the human side of the men and women involved in the struggle.

The author was one of Russia's outstanding war correspondents and covered the entire front from Stalingrad to Berlin. His play, "Russian People," won the Stalin prize in 1942.

Short stories in the issue include "Nice Girls Get Married," comedy-romance by Dana Burnett; "Loveller Than Ever," an appealing Hollywood story by B. W. Schutberg; and "The Man on the Roof," a mystery thriller by Walter Brown.

Humor, romance, and suspense abound in these and in the remaining stories which make up the Special Fiction Issue.



WOMAN DIPLOMAT Mrs. Marjorie D. Spikes with one of her three little grandchildren. Mrs. Spikes is at the British Embassy in the U.S.

school and Reading University, England, where she trained as a teacher. Her husband is a schoolmaster, and she was a schoolmistress until Nazi bombs demolished her school, and shunted her into the Ministry of Labor.

Her efficiency as a Welfare Officer of that department caused her to be chosen for the diplomatic appointment.

Spectacles make her look school-mistressish. "So I usually take them off when talking to children," she says.

She enthusiastically favors Anglo-American wartime marriages and believes that the majority of them will work out successfully.

"Migration of thousands of British and Australian war brides to the United States is one of the few healthy results of World War II," she said.

"They should help to foster an understanding among the common peoples of our countries."

"There will be a lot of travelling back and forth in the years to come as a result of the weddings."

One of the most frequent questions Mrs. Spikes is asked here is: "How do the British feel about so many girls marrying Americans and leaving England?"

Her answer is: "We wish them God-speed and hope they will be good ambassadors for us."

The American Press has devoted columns of space to Britain's woman diplomat since her arrival last October. The gist of the Press notices is summed up by columnist Elsa Maxwell, who said:

"I found Mrs. Spikes delightful—the finest type of English woman imaginable."

"It's women like Mrs. Spikes who will help to shape the world of the future."

Interesting People



AIR-MARSHAL R. WILLIAMS

... Civil Aviation Director

FORMERLY head of the Air

Mission in Washington, newly appointed Director-General of Civil Aviation in Australia, Air-Marshal "Dicky" Williams, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., has had unique chance to examine civil air transport in its most advanced form, as well as huge air services created by U.S. Army and Navy. He has an intimate knowledge of civil aviation here, says Australia has ideal terrain and climate for air transport. Will take up new duties on return from England and America, where he is finalising affairs with R.A.A.F., of which he is senior officer.



MISS JACQUELINE NEARNE

... important UNO job

ALTHOUGH born in England,

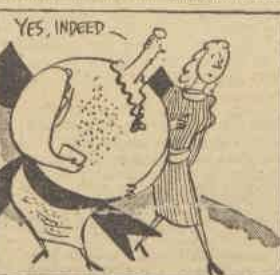
Jacqueline Nearne, private secretary to Mr. Gladwyn Jebb, United Nations Organisation Executive Secretary, has spent most of her life on the Continent. She went to France when only seven years old, was on the Riviera when Germans invaded France, but managed to escape to England. There she learnt all she could of espionage, parachuting, and French Underground communications. This was in preparation for her task as one of the "back-room girls" dropped into France before D-Day to prepare communications for invasion.



MR. W. H. MATHER

... plan for spinning mills

KEEN-EYED, businesslike wool manufacturer Mr. W. H. Mather has submitted plan to Federal Government to retain half wool clip, build spinning mills here, and send yarn instead of raw wool to England. Aims to help England's export trade, at same time build big secondary industry here. He is Australian-born, has woollen mills and one home in Yorkshire, other home in Sydney. Has made 2000 broadcasts on wool.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep.

Famous U.S. librettist may stage his shows here



STARLET Susan Blanchard, Mrs. Hammerstein's daughter by her first marriage, who has begun a film career in Hollywood, using her mother's maiden name.



LIVING-ROOM in the Hammersteins' New York apartment. Well known as an interior decorator, Mrs. Hammerstein furnished the room with raspberry-red carpet and pale blue-chints patterned in red.



FAMOUS librettist, Oscar Hammerstein II, and his wife, formerly Dorothy Blanchard, of East St. Kilda, Vic.

Oscar Hammerstein II and his Australian wife arriving soon

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff

Oscar Hammerstein II, America's leading librettist, and his wife, formerly Dorothy Blanchard, of East St. Kilda, Vic., will arrive in Australia next month.

It will be Mrs. Hammerstein's first visit to her home town since her honeymoon trip in 1930.

WITH Dick Rodgers, Hammerstein won the Best Original Song Award in the Academy Awards in Hollywood this month with their song, "It Might As Well Be Spring," from the Fox film "State Fair."

He is at present enjoying the greatest success of his career, with interest in four current New York shows, either as librettist or producer with his partner, Dick Rodgers.

This will be increased shortly when "Annie, Get Your Gun" makes its debut and "Carmen Jones" returns from tour to start another Manhattan run.

His other shows running in New York are the musicals "Oklahoma!", "Carousel," and "Show Boat," and a straight play, "I Remember Mama."

He is co-producer of the last-named and lyric author of the other three.

All of which puts a heavy burden on this tough-looking, gentle-speaking character who looks and was a handy athlete in his day and still looks fit enough at 50 to throw his weight round successfully.

In Australia he will spend three weeks on "exploratory work," which he hopes will result in Australia seeing his current New York hits before long.

He doesn't know how soon, and rather expects it might be a year

before it will be possible to stage "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel" there. He would also like to stage "Carmen Jones," which, however, needs an all-colored cast, and might run into difficulties due to current discussion in Australia on the percentage of cast which can be imported.

Mrs. Hammerstein, red-headed and beautiful, came to America in 1929 after she had played with a theatrical company in England, "without doing much good." Like her husband, she is an extremely modest person.

She came to America as understudy to famous Beatrice Lillie in "Charlotte's Revue."

Then she met and married Hammerstein.

She is thrilled at the prospect of seeing her mother, Mrs. Marion Blanchard, and a horde of nieces and nephews.

She also has high hopes of picking up some antique furniture and china, both of which she collects.

Their three-floor apartment on 61st Street, New York, where I interviewed them—or, rather, they interviewed me about Australia—is a tribute to Mrs. Hammerstein's skill as a decorator and collector of beautiful pieces.

For the past seven years she has been building up an interior decorating business, first in Hollywood, then in New York.

She is now regarded as one of New York's top-flight decorators.

Mrs. Hammerstein's daughter by her first marriage, Susan Jacobson, has started a screen career as a

starlet, using the name Susan Blanchard.

Susan is seventeen and a half years old. Her brother, Henry Jacobson, is a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy. Mrs. Hammerstein's other son, James Hammerstein, is 14 years old.

During the war Mrs. Hammerstein was one of the keenest workers at Anzac House, and she and her husband entertained many Australian servicemen passing through New York.

They will cross the Pacific by ship, and after three weeks in Australia will fly to England, where Hammerstein is also interested in staging some of his shows. Then they will fly back to New York.

Unassuming, Hammerstein admits he is a little bewildered by his current crop of successes.

"I had a marvellous run in the 1920's with 'Rose Marie,' 'Dorothy Song,' 'Wildflower,' 'Sunny,' 'Show Boat,' and 'New Moon,'" he said.

"I had a period in England, then a spell in Hollywood, but I didn't really produce anything sensational. In fact, I had many flops."

"I like Hollywood and Hollywood people, but it was a foreign way of working for me to have to write to other people's ideas."

"It's not that I'm temperamental, but I just wasn't accustomed to doing things that way."

"I made plenty of money in Hollywood, but it always seemed strange

that I should be paid each week whether I wrote anything or not."

"I'd been used to doing a job and taking a financial risk on it being acceptable to the public."

"Oklahoma!" started Hammerstein and Rodgers off on an unprecedented run.

"Oklahoma!" has been running for more than two years in New York, and there is no sign of its popularity waning, though the cast has been turned over several times.

Sound technique

HAMMERSTEIN thinks the secret of the success of his partnership with Rodgers is in their integration of music with story.

"Some people attributed the success of 'Show Boat' to this, and acclaimed it as a new technique," he said.

"It's not. All the really good plays of Gilbert and Sullivan used this. 'The Merry Widow' had it."

"We are just reviving the technique after a series of plays in the 1930's, which were really disjointed revues."

Hammerstein thinks "Oklahoma!" is certain to top the three million dollars that "Rose Marie" grossed.

Yet "Oklahoma!" cost only 90,000 dollars to put on, against the 320,000 dollars that "Show Boat" cost.

There is also no sign of the popularity of "Carousel" waning, so the dollars look likely to continue to flow into the Hammerstein account.

Rodgers and Hammerstein have

elastic working methods. They agree on the story, then work out the basis.

Sometimes Hammerstein might find himself with music for which to write words; in other cases he gives Rodgers the words to be put to music.

"A lot of hard work goes into shows, but I wouldn't deny it's a happy way of making a living," he says.

A New York columnist recently ran a story which Hammerstein admits, but which is typical of him.

A friend, Leighton Brill, used to invest in every Hammerstein show in the bleak period in the 1930's.

Then he went to the war for four years, during which time Hammerstein started his run of successes.

Brill returned recently to find Hammerstein had given him a share in each of his six consecutive successes.

In between work entailed by current shows and hasty trips to his Pennsylvania farm to inspect his prize Aberdeen Angus cattle, Hammerstein is with Rodgers mulling over ideas for a new show.

Hammerstein admits they haven't yet found anything worth while, but hopes by the time he sails for Australia to have the basis of a new show on which to work during the voyage.

New York Round-up

Wrinkles as personality pointers not beauty blemishes

Cabled by L. J. MILLER of our New York office

"Wrinkles are attractive," says Roger Vergnes, New York City hair stylist. He advises: "Girls, give up worrying about wrinkles—just relax."

VERGNES, who is a naturalised Frenchman, regularly designs hair-styles for the Duchess of Windsor, Helen Hayes, and Barbara Hutton. He says, "The natural wrinkles which begin to annoy women after thirty in reality give character to the face."

"Many mature women try to fluff up the hair kittenishly so as to draw away attention from wrinkles. But they look like cocker spaniels."

"The surest way to point up a wrinkle or skin blemish is to try to hide it. To me, a wrinkle merely emphasises a woman's personality."

Vergnes adds that he doesn't believe in fashion in women's coiffures.

"Each coiffure should be individually adapted to the wearer," he says.

"This brings out the best in her features. Suppose the current style in hairdressing is the upswep coiffure. Not every woman who adopts this style is going to look good. Many women just look silly trying to wear current fashions."

CLASSIFIED advertisement in New York newspaper: "Male stenographer desires position. Has been taking 200 words a minute for years—married."

INSTEAD of toast for breakfast, Americans may have to use potato flour, cornmeal, and oatmeal. Agriculture Secretary Clinton Anderson told the House of Representatives Food Committee this week.

He said this might come about as a result of increased exports of flour to starving Europe. One bowl of oatmeal is equal to two slices of bread.

A WOMAN driving a car sneezed so hard she lost her glasses and hit the fire alarm box. The blow set the box machinery in motion and called the fire brigade.

A few minutes later the woman was arrested for damaging city property, sending out a false fire alarm, and driving a car while under the influence of alcohol.

She got off with a suspended sentence when her lawyer convinced the judge that all his client was guilty of was driving while under the influence of influenza.

A HEADLINE announces: "Tommy Manville's eighth wife leaves him." And a commentator cracks: "In any event he's changed the old proverb to read 'Marry in haste—repeat at leisure.'"

CITY bus operators persuade passengers to step to the rear and pack in by singing "Cuddle a Little Closer."

IN New York, a group of radio writers is offering ghost-writing service which includes five new stories to tell each week, composing love letters, penning irate letters to editors of newspapers, and preparing believable and original alibis for wayward married men to tell their wives.

The Australian Women's Weekly MODEL HAT

FASHION-CONSCIOUS girls and women everywhere will be interested to see next week's presentation of the smart, new Australian Women's Weekly hat for every age and every type, which has been specially created for 1946 autumn and winter wear.

Designed by a leader in the millinery field, this versatile little classic will be available from our Fashion Department at an attractive price and in a variety of lovely shades and trimmings.

You will wear this model misted with cobwebby veiling or sleekly banded, according to your type and preference.

A clever hat, you will wear it with your sleekly tailored two-piece, your topcoat, your fur, business outfit, Sunday suit, town and country costume.

See how it is worn by Australian girls and women in next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly and then... wear it with distinction or unaffected simplicity yourself.

Old Acquaintance

Continued from page 3

GORDON was showing Don a water-softening unit intended for installation in a swimming-pool job. The automatic control was out of order and would have to be returned to the Permatic Company for adjustment.

"Why not repair it here and save time?" asked Don.

"Too intricate," said Gordon. "It's a job for an engineer, and I'm only a practical mechanic."

"I'm familiar with it," said Don.

He unscrewed two bolts and removed the head. He found a long-handled wrench, fitted it over a protruding knob, and spun the wrench. He placed the head back on the water softener and said, "Try the current."

Scarcely, Gordon threw the switch, then listened to the smooth operation of the device. "A month ago," said he. "What ailed it, and how did you fix it?"

"Thought there might be an air pocket in the head, preventing the motor from turning the valve." Heroically Don omitted the information that his father, when chief engineer of Permatic, had designed the device.

"Don," said his mother, in the music-room, some time later, "I'm a little frightened about Basil. He's so huge and strong. He came in here a while ago, went over to the window without seeing me, and he watched you and Jenny by that beehive."

"Apathy," he beehive, and he smacked his fist into his hand viciously and said something about your neck. I came over and looked out, and you and Jenny had your heads close together, looking into the bottom of the beehive. You were so nauseatingly protective."

"She might get stung. We were just hearing the bees humming."

"Truly, yes. So both you scientists would have to listen at once, and you'd need to put your face into her hair and inhale like a tramp passing a bakery. I can see that clearly."

"I've got to find Jenny. She told me—"

"There are other words in the language besides 'Where's Jenny?' She's upstairs dressing . . . Come back here!"

But Don had flashed from the room.

"Who is it?" asked Jenny when Don knocked.

"Me," explained the oratorically gifted engineer.

"I'm dressing. What do you want?"

"I want to talk to you alone."

"You can't come in."

"You can shut your eyes; I'm coming in," said Don and entered.

"If Dad or Basil sees you in here—"

Jenny started.

"Jenny," said Don, "I need your advice. I'm probably through with the Army. I should hear in a few days, I'll want a job—not like the one my Dad killed himself over in an engineering office, but well, fact is, I'd like to be in business with your Dad."

"You'll have to speak to Dad."

"I'll speak to him, but the important thing is you. You can see how awkward it would be for us not to be married, with me around here all the time."

"That's the sweetest proposal I ever heard of," admired Jenny. "Part of a deal, so things won't be awkward. Can't you get it into your mind that I'm engaged to Basil?"

"One kiss, and I'm gone."

"No! Basil and I—hello, Dad!" Gordon Sands was in the doorway. "Everywhere I happen to look," he muttered. In a moment Don was alone, spluttering like an orator with a wasp in his mouth.

He spluttered down the stairs and into the music-room, ignored his mother's withering look, and said, "Mum, listen! I'm going to marry Jenny and go into partnership with Gordon Sands. He needs me."

"This may be a little advanced, Don, but try to understand it. I'll use small words and speak slowly. Jenny is engaged. Jenny is to wed Basil. The date is fixed. Basil is affluent—pardon, he has lots of money—and Jenny hasn't seen another man for more than a year. That sums up your chances."

"The viewpoint of an elderly widow," said Don.

Jenny and her mother came into the music-room at this stage. Don raised the piano top and sat nearby. Jenny played with strong, sure virtuosity. And Don, who loved good music, loved Jenny.

Gordon and Basil walked in. Basil sat near the door. "Now," said he when the music stopped, "let's have something real. Tear into something hot!"

Don swung around in his chair to face Basil. "We were enjoying Chopin," he said evenly.

Basil smirked. "The educated stuff," he replied, "is out the window."

Don said, "Sometimes education is sudden and painful," and waited.

But Gordon, in his quiet voice, said, "Jenny, it's time to see about the cows."

"Come and help me with the cows. I'll show you how to milk," Jenny said to Don, and they went off to the yard.

Don said nothing until they entered the dairy. Then he drew her close and whispered in her ear, "I'm going to marry you, and look what I'm getting. You can cook, milk cows and, by the same token, goats, and you know bees backward. You are a dream in a boudoir and you play the piano like a concert artist. And," he added admiringly, "above all, you can be like a trooper. You don't love Basil. I love you so much that my heart feels like bursting. And stop pretending you don't love me."

"I don't. I'm engaged to Basil and I'm going to marry him." Suddenly Jenny pushed Don from her, just as Basil approached outside the screen door. "First I'll show you how to clean the cow," she said to Don brightly.

Basil looked pained. "When we are married," he said to Jenny, "you will have no such work."

Naïve surprise from Jenny. "It's good for me! Father thinks it keeps me unspoiled, and I do believe it works. It gives me strong hands for the piano—come on, Don, lend me a hand," she said urgently to Don. "Jenny!" Don called out suddenly in the middle of their task. "Do you still try spear-fishing?"

"Yes, Dad and I were planning

WORTH Reporting

THERE is at least one man in Sydney who thought the war was really over. The conversation he had with a Customs official the other day should have disillusioned him. It went something like this:

Man: I want a passport.

Customs Official: Where to?

Man: New Zealand.

C.O.: Oh, a business trip?

Man: No.

C.O.: Urgent domestic reasons?

Man: No.

C.O.: To visit relatives?

Man: No.

C.O. (impatient by now): Then why are you going to New Zealand?

Man (triumphantly): Just because I want to. A pleasure trip.

C.O.: But you can't go on sea trips for pleasure. All ship travel is on a high priority basis. You'll have to write to Canberra.

When we left they were still at it.

Aerial policemen

FROM our London office comes a message that Scotland Yard is forming an air division as part of the Home Office plan for aircraft for the police.

All the pilots will be ex-R.A.F.

Part of their work will be to act in close co-operation with the Customs for the prevention of smuggling.

Animal Antics



"There's a gentleman here to horsehip you, Boss."

to spear to-night, to show Basil what fun it is, and—"

"And I'm invited. I'll speak to Mum about staying the night. If," he added with utter insincerity, "it will be convenient for your mother to have us."

"Arr—ah," said Jenny thoughtfully.

"Okay then, I'll get Mum to wangle the invitation."

Don found his mother. "I already have wangled it," she said. "You're several jumps behind. Lucille has cordially requested our presence overnight."

"She's a dear. I'd like to give her a hug, but it would confuse Gordon. How'd you work it?"

"I simply told her I thought you were head over heels in love with Jenny, and that we must be going."

"Mum, you didn't come right out!"

"It wasn't news to Lucille. It wasn't bad news either. She really dislikes Basil. Why do you suppose she brought Jenny to the lake when she heard you were home?"

"What a pair of women!"

"I'm only guessing, of course. What are you planning for to-night?"

"We're going upstream, spearing fish. Great sport."

"Promise me you'll stay out of trouble with Basil. Just fish. Don't keep making motions at Jenny as though you were decorating a Christmas tree."

"Yes, Dad and I were planning

BALANCE OF POWER

[More money spent on diplomatic cocktails would greatly enhance the British Government's prestige abroad. It was stated in Commons recently.]

WITH pitfalls and with gin beset,

The diplomatic tyro

Must shake a cocktail with the best

From Budapest to Cairo,

Choosing each ingredient

From what is most expedient.

With grinding teeth he needs

must watch

In impotent inertia

The alcoholic overtures

Which Russia makes to Persia,

Countering vodka and caviar

With jellied eels and avocado.

But soon, with ample wine-

bill, he

Will order, without fear,

The rarest liquors of the world

(Even Australian beer)

And, in diplomatic immunity,

Drink them with impunity.

—LARRY ROYS.

Opals for brides

MANY of the Australian brides leaving for America are wearing opal engagement rings. There are two reasons for this.

One, because Americans like opals, and two, because during the war it was so difficult to get other good stones that girls preferred to have a fine opal rather than an inferior diamond, sapphire, or emerald. It also shows that the centuries-old superstition that opals are unlucky is dying out.

A leading city jeweller says that in the early days of Rome opals were regarded as of great value, and the famous Roman scholar Pliny described them as having "the gentle fire of the ruby, the brilliant purple of amethyst, the sea-green of the emerald, all shining together in an incredible union."

The Romans used to get their opals from central Hungary.

They were not then regarded as portents of bad luck. This belief arose in Italy some three hundred years ago when a nurse reported that when her patient was dying of the plague his opal ring had lost its color at the exact moment of his death.

The author Sir Walter Scott, in a novel, referred to "the evil influence of the opal." The superstition has been more prevalent in Australia, the world's biggest opal-producing country, than in any other country. Americans never bother about it.

During the war they bought thousands of pounds' worth of these stones to take home. The price was 100 per cent higher than the normal pre-war price.

WITHOUT comment: March 12 was the day Canberra was named and founded in 1913.

Our desk calendar for that day bears a little quotation by Jas. Edmond,

"This is a land of calm, Its peace suggests some old, slow droning psalm."

Isn't science wonderful!

OUR New York office has cabled a list of the latest inventions, which should make everyone happy.

● ARTIFICIAL eyelashes made of nylon with a permanent built-in curl.

● POCKET lighter for pipes. Hold it erect and it flames like a cigarette lighter, but tilt it and it shoots its flame directly into the bowl.

● FAIRPROOF plastic clothes-line that will not rust or rot and can be easily cleaned by wiping with soap and water.

● MACHINE which, when a coin is inserted, will spray you with a waterproof plastic solution. This will only be necessary when you're caught in a sudden storm without an umbrella or coat. When you get home the plastic just peels off . . . we hope.

Memorial for missionary

A GROUP of young people in Sydney known as the Comrades of St. George are raising funds to build a school in New Guinea.

This school will be a memorial to the late Mavis Parkinson, of Ipswich, Queensland, a youthful Anglican missionary who was killed, presumably by Japanese soldiers, in August, 1942, in New Guinea.

Mavis Parkinson was a teacher at the missionary school at Gona in Papua, where the Japs made one of their first landings.

The story of her flight from the school with two other missionaries, the Rev. James Benson and Sister May Hayman, was told in a letter to her parents and published in The Australian Women's Weekly on May 1, 1943, almost a year later.

This letter, written at Sial, on one of the halts in the trek to safety, was the last to her parents. They received it five months after they had been notified that her body had been found in the Poppo-detta area.

The first function to raise the funds will be a pageant on the lines of a Passion Play.

This will be produced at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music on March 29.

The Comrades of St. George is the youth organisation of the Australian Board of Missions.

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW DEPARTMENT

OUR Paris correspondent cables us that the Department of Industrial Production in France has assigned a preliminary credit of 300 million francs for the importation of basic essences for the manufacture of perfumes.

France hopes to export 15,000 million francs' worth of perfumery this year.

Tale of two quilts

A PARCEL containing two elaborately worked patchwork quilts recently arrived at the National Headquarters of the Australian Red Cross in Melbourne.

These quilts were made by the woman inmates in Changi gaol in Singapore.

Each consists of 66 pieces, each six inches square.

Some of the designs are appliqué, obviously cut out of everyday garments, and others are worked in embroidery silks and cottons.

Some squares are bright with flowers, others show maps or flags, while one or two are worked with colloquial phrases.

Each patch bears the name of the woman who made it.

The inscription on the reverse of one quilt reads:

"Presented by the women of Changi Internment Camp, 1942, to the wounded British and Australian soldiers with our sympathy for their suffering. It is our wish that at the cessation of hostilities this quilt be presented to the Australian Red Cross Society."

Some time before the capitulation of Japan, the quilts were brought to the Japanese to Lt.-Col. J. C. Collins, R.A.M.C., who was in command of the combined British-Australian General Hospital, "Robert Hospital," Changi.

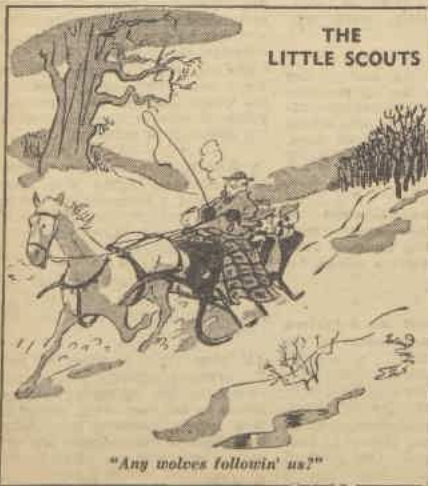
Lt.-Col. Collins handed the quilts to Lt.-Col. R. M. W. Webster, who was the Australian in charge of the Kranji combined general hospital. It was he who brought the quilts to Australia.

WITH the departure of the troops for Japan we discovered that there is a new crop of initials to be learnt.

For instance, the British Commonwealth Occupation Forces are known as BCOF (pronounced BA Cough).

Another new and important body responsible for the organisation of the force is JCOSA (Joint Chiefs of Staff in Australia), the members of which are representatives of the Chiefs of Staff of their own countries.

There is also SCAJAP (Supreme Command Allied Forces in Japan). The British-Indian Division will be known as BRINDI.



"Any wolves followin' us?"

Please turn to page 17



IT LOOKS like a good story when Eileen Phipps, lady-in-waiting to the Duchess, and Cedric de Mestre are snapped on the dance floor at the ball following the Yass Picnic Races. Full evening dress was worn at the ball.



GOOD LUCK! Mrs. Lindsay ("Mac") Chirnside, of Moore Springs, Biddenluge, wishes her rider-owner husband "good luck" before Ravensworth Gold Cup on his mount—the favorite, Hickory. Hickory didn't repeat his winning performance of Cooma Picnic Races, and was beaten by Gracita.



PICKING THE WINNERS. Rosemary Nielson, Walcha (left); Brian MacNeil, Yass; Cecil Evans, Walgett; Ruth Fennelcke, Walcha; Barbara Moginie, of Sydney, and her fiancé, John Smith, of Yass; Elizabeth Smith, Yass; and Allen Campbell, of Young.



FILLING IN DANCE PROGRAMMES. Debs, Barbara Wiseman, Wee Wee (left), and Clio Bucknell, Yass, use backs of their escorts to write on their cards. Tony Bucknell, Yass, and Private John Crumpton, of Sydney, claimed Barbara and Clio's first dances. Many dances were booked by male guests at the races in the afternoon.

At Yass Picnics

BILLY TEA is only traditional picnic feature missing when the Duke of Gloucester, the Duchess, their son Prince William, and members of the Vice-Regal household attend their first picnic race meeting in Australia at Yass, N.S.W.

Learn that the Duke and Duchess prefer coffee after lunch, so their hostess, wife of president of Yass Picnic Race Club, Mrs. E. J. Merriman, serves this beverage instead of "boiling the billy."

Luncheon is held under leafy gum trees in informal style. Delicious cold poultry, ham, mixed salads, fruit tarts and cream are dishes prepared at Mrs. Merriman's home, Ravensworth, and hot coffee is brought eight miles across the paddocks at conclusion of luncheon.

Major-General Charles Miller, who arrived in Australia just three days before races, attended in Duke's party.

Brigadier Schreiber brings his little step-daughter Davina, Baroness Darcy de Knayth, and they have great fun inspecting the horses in the saddling paddock before the Ravensworth Cup. Eileen Phipps, lady-in-waiting to the Duchess, and Prince William's nurse comfort Prince William when the Duke leaves the dais to present the Ravensworth Gold Cup to rider-owner Mr. F. Burt, of Wagga, N.S.W., after his winning race with Gracita. The young Prince, like all small boys, doesn't want to let his father out of his sight.

GLAMOR girl of the Yass picnics is Pauline Weir, daughter of Major and Mrs. Weir, of Bertangles station, Yass. Pauline is one of the four women members of the Race Club, and raced her horse, Balla.



AFTERNOON TEA IN THE SUNSHINE. Mrs. Sidney Laughlin, Cootamundra (left); Mrs. George Walker and Mr. Walker, of Bloomfield, Yass, with Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Last, of Rosella, Murrumbidgee, relax between races with a cup of tea. Mr. and Mrs. Walker were host and hostess at the picnic tea, which was attended by local and visiting guests.



COCKTAIL PARTY follows race meeting. Mrs. Noel Eady, Blackburn, Yass; Mrs. Stewart Dalrymple-Hay, Clevedon, Yass; Mr. Noel Eady, Mrs. A. O. Smith, and Mr. N. Milson, Laverstock, Yass, who were hostesses, and hosts at party, with guest, Mrs. Lang Gibson, formerly Codge Barrett, of Young, at party at Allambee Club.



HAPPY SMILE from the Duchess as she arrives at the Yass Picnic Races with Mrs. E. J. Merriman, wife of the president of the Yass Picnic Race Club, and the Duke's new aide, Captain Edward McGrigor. The Duchess wore burnt-apricot light wool suit, brown accessories.

AM pleased when I hear a word of greeting and see the Norman Readings, Stuart Burt, and the Cecil Lasts, from Cootamundra.

At the last minute they decided on a picnic lunch on the road on the way to Yass, so at midnight the night before Mrs. Last killed and dressed a fowl and was up again at five in the morning to cook it. Great organisation going on again in "Coo-la" I believe as there's another Diggers' race meeting to be held this Wednesday. Mrs. Reading, Mrs. Burt, and Mrs. Last are organising a cocktail party after the races.

"They call us the terrible trio," says Mrs. Last. "We're always organising 'do's' and begging for things."

Cootamundra Turf Club is organising picnic races for May 6 and 7, too, so it looks like a gay time in the South!

SPURNING even a stretcher Roy Smith, of Brooklands, brings his own sleeping accommodation—"My flea bag," he says as he unrolls army sleeping bag and comfortably stretches on verandah for a snooze. Realise there's something in this bringing your own bed to picnic races when I almost trip over Dick Hyles in corridor of hotel stretched out in his evening clothes with only his suitcase as a pillow, as he had been unable to find a bed in Yass.

THRILL for the E. J. Merrimans when their son Owen, who is rider-owner of Floating Gold, wins the Marlborough Maiden Handicap. Owen acquies pretty Pat Pearce, of Adamindy, to the festivities of Yass Picnic Race.

"COULDN'T have more luggage if I was going off to England again," says Mrs. Rex Middleton when I see her coming into the Club Hotel, Yass, loaded down with baggage. She tells me she has even brought stretchers from her home, "The Lagoons," so that some of her young male guests can sleep on the verandah of the hotel. In the midst of unpacking suddenly realises she has forgotten the men's white flannels for tennis parties at week-end, and throws up her hands in horror. Among house guests are the Olive Milsons, of Goulburn; Pat Bruce Smith and Pat Adams, of Sydney; Bob Anderson, Toby McDermott, and Bill Middleton.

DUKE's aide, Michael Hawkins, and Hector McFarlane, of Mill Mill, Young, shared male sartorial honors at the races. Michael's canary-yellow checked shirt worn with huntin', shootin', and fishin' tweeds, plus chocolate suede shoes, vied with Hector's sporting attire—but I think Hector's Tyrolean model won out as far as hats were concerned! Michael came into his own at the ball, however, as he wore full dress uniform, while Hector contented himself with well-cut "talls." Michael tells me race meeting reminds him of Point to Point meeting "at home."

WINNER on the day is debutante Judith Cooper, who comes away from the races clutching handful of silver. Judith danced the first dance with Denis Rose, of Cootamundra, Rylstone, near Mudgee.

joyce



asks Aunt Jenny

Who else wants sheets to last 16 years

AND STILL
HAVE YEARS
OF LIFE?

Read this actual experience reported by Mrs. DORIS E. MAYS,
8 Talbot Rd., Guildford, N.S.W.



Mrs. Mays and her pretty daughters Elaine (left) and Gloria (right). Mrs. Mays has 6 children.

"I have been married 16 years," writes Mrs. Mays, "and the sheets and household linens I had in my glory chest I am still using. They're good for another 16 years, if I wash them with Velvet Soap."

Isn't that proof that Velvet makes linens last far longer? You judge a soap by its suds—and Velvet has extra soapy suds. Even ground-in grime comes away with just a few light finger rubs and no harsh scrubbing at all. That's why linens washed with Velvet stay like new year after year.



Aunt Jenny inspecting sheets in backyard of Mrs. Mays' home.

*Velvet's Extra-Soapy Suds
will make your linens last
longer
too!*



Tune in 11 a.m. every Mon.-Fri.
"AUNT JENNY'S REAL-LIFE STORIES"

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

APRIL 1 will prove a fortunate day for members of some star groups this week, particularly Arians, Leonidans, and Sagittarians who should make the most of excellent planetary influences.

They should make important changes and start new ventures on this day and the following one, which can prove almost as fortunate.

Even Cancerians, Capricornians, and Librans, for whom the present is rather difficult, should find April 1 fair.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): The present weeks favor you; seek progress and gains. March 28 (after 5 p.m.) good, April 1 excellent, April 2 (to 10 p.m.) very good. March 26 to 28 (dusk) poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Avoid over-confidence. March 30 (to 8 a.m.), April 1, and April 2 (8 a.m. to 8 p.m.) fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): March 28 (evening), 29 (midday), and 30 helpful; also April 1 (after



"Why, that's perfectly all right, lady, these wrong numbers will happen."

6 p.m.) and 2 (8 a.m. to 9 p.m.). Rest of week poor.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Live quietly now and avoid discord, especially from March 28 to April 2. Worst days March 26 and 27.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): Keep busy and seek gains on April 1 (after 5 p.m.) and April 2 (8 a.m. to 10 p.m.). March 26 to 30 poor.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Conditions slightly improved, but avoid over-confidence. March 26 (to 5 p.m.), 27, 30, 31, and April 1 (to dusk) all poor.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Live quietly and avoid arguments, changes, and indiscretions, especially on March 28, 29, 30, April 1 (evening), and April 2.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): A helpful week. April 1 best day. March 31 (except 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.) and April 2 fair. March 26 to 30 poor.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 23): Keep busy, seek gains and changes. March 21 (after 4 p.m.), March 29 (midday) and March 30 (to 4 p.m.) helpful. April 1 (evening) and April 2 excellent.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Be easy minded and cheerful, especially on March 26, 27, 28, 31 (afternoon), April 1 and 2. Routine tasks advised.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): March 27 (dusk), March 30 (evening), and March 31 (after dusk) mildly helpful. April 1 and 2 fair.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Past good work brings rewards now. March 26 (evening), 28, and 31 helpful. April 1 (early and late) and April 2 (8 a.m. to dusk) excellent.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your coupons

FEEL: 32 to 66 (32 to 50 expire April 7).
SUGAR: 16 to 25.
BUTTER: 21 to 23 (21 April 7).
MEAT: Black, 71 to 77; red and green, 81 to 82 (21 April 7).
CLOTHES: 71-82, 257-112.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master Magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are helping **BETTY GRAY:** To find the numbers of the combination of her uncle's safe. His will left his fortune to whomever finds the numbers first—Betty or her three cousins, **AUGUSTA:** Who wants Betty out of the hunt; **KARL:** Prepared to do what Augusta says; and

PETER: Who does not want Betty harmed. Betty and Mandrake found clue one in an Egyptian pyramid. Now they search a golden gondola in Venice for clue two. But Augusta makes Pete crash into the gondola, throwing Mandrake and Betty into the canal, still not having found the clue. Betty climbs aboard Pete's speedboat. Mandrake clings to the wreckage of the gondola. **NOW READ ON:**



David Jones all set for Winter

FOR SERVICE SINCE 1858



Miss Modern

Flannelette Pyjamas and Undie Set of Wool and Rayon Knit

136W1: Coat Style 'Jamas, these, in a gay floral Flannelette (British-made, of course). Ground colours are pink or blue. Sizes 32 to 36. Price, 24/2 and 14 of your coupons.

136W2: Cosy, yet very finely knit, these Vests and Pantees come in flesh tone. Sizes are S.W., W. and O.S. Price, 3/11 each, and no coupons.

THIRD FLOOR, ELIZABETH ST. STORE;
CALIFORNIA SHOP, GEORGE ST. STORE



Flannelette



Hanro

Pyjamas and Nightgown in Purest Wool Knit

134W1: Soft, smooth-fitting 'Jamas made of pure wool knit and bearing the "Hanro" label of quality. Pink is the shade. S.W., 28/9; W., 29/5; O.S., 30/3; X.O.S., 31/10.

134W2: "Hanro" Nightgown in pretty, long-sleeved style. In pink. S.W., 25/-; W., 25/9; O.S., 26/7; X.O.S., 27/9. No coupons are needed.

THIRD FLOOR, ELIZABETH ST. STORE;
CALIFORNIA SHOP, GEORGE ST. STORE



Vest and Pantees in Wool and Rayon

28W1: It's a pink tubular Vest knit in a fancy stitch.

Vests: S.W., 4/8; W., 4/11; O.S., 5/4; X.O.S., 6/5. Matching Pantees: S.W., 6/2; W., 6/4; O.S., 6/9; X.O.S., 7/4. No cpns.

134W3: Warm-as-toast Nightgown of smooth, suede finish Flannelette comes in pink, sky, cream or lemon. S.W., W., 19/6; O.S., 20/1; X.O.S., 21/1. 12 of your coupons are needed.

134W4: Flannelette Pyjamas in flesh, lemon, sky or Nile, with contrast floral front, are nice for winter. S.W., W., O.S., 19/10. 14 coupons needed.

Cosy Spencer in Wool and Rayon

28W1: A cream wool and rayon Spencer is just what you need for the winter. This one has comfy ribbed waist and cuffs. S.W., 7/11; W., 8/4; O.S., 9/4. No cpns.



PLENTY FOR MAIL ORDERS

FREIGHT PAID ON ALL THESE GARMENTS.

DAVID JONES' POSTAL ADDRESS IS BOX 503, G.P.O., SYDNEY

Old Acquaintance

Continued from page 12

DON promised, of course. But he sat with Jenny in the stern, helping her pole the boat. And as it glided with a gentle lapping sound, Don could hear the whispered secrets of the forest which came from deep inside the woods. And Jenny was magnetism, and she was close beside him, so he forgot his Christmas-tree promise. Jenny, too, may have had an eye for tiptoeing shadows, and perhaps she wondered if Don really loved her.

If so, she found out. So did Basil, when he turned his torch toward the stern of the boat suddenly. Though all Jenny said at that moment was, "Wow!"

Almost immediately, however, Basil suggested going home. At the house, rather strained good-nights were exchanged, in spite of which Don slept soundly.

Waking early in the morning, he dressed, and went for a stroll. When he returned to the house, breakfast had just begun. Greetings, artificially cheerful, Basil was there, having stayed overnight to protect his interests. After breakfast, Don followed his mother to the living-room to see if there was something. There was.

"Don, you've got this place in a refined little uproar," she began. "Basil saw you making love to Jenny in the boat."

"If you'll look out of this window, I'll show you where Jenny and I are going to build our house."

"I'm afraid it's hopeless. Don, Jenny doesn't—"

Lucille and Jenny came in. Lucille's eyes said to Ruth's, "Right back where we started," Jenny hesitated, and turned to leave. The telephone rang, and Lucille answered it. "It's for you, Ruth," she said. "I think it's your maid. But she's foaming so with excitement that I can't understand her."

Mrs. Brooks took the telephone and listened. Then she turned to Don and said in a flat voice, "Don, there is a telegram at home telling you to report on Wednesday."

"Wednesday!" said Don. He thought. It will be a year, perhaps two, and when I come back she will be married to Basil. Even if she'd have me now—but it can't ever be. I may never come back, and Jenny would be alone.

Jenny came over to him. She held out her hands. He took them in his, and with his eyes searching Jenny's, he said, "Mum, I have a lot to do to get ready, so let's get started." Jenny's hair was like coiled sunshine. He saw how it shone. "I'll pack the car and get it out of the garage," Jenny's eyes were darker and deeper. His grip on her hands tightened. "And meet you out on the front." Her hands were large and shapely, strong and supple.

He must let them go now, and it would be over and he could turn and walk away. "Lucille, say good-bye to Gordon for me if I don't see him." After unlatching Jenny's hands, he would have to pry his eyes away from hers. "And tell Basil, too."

One thing at a time. Eyes first, then hands. No, hands first. All right, eyes. He looked at Jenny's lips, then at her lovely neck. Then he gazed at her pale yellow sweater, her grey plaid skirt and her smart walking shoes. With the slow effort of a man trying to open hands numbed with cold, Don's fingers opened and his arms dropped to his sides. He left the room.

Don and his mother stopped to shop on the way home and when they finally reached the house they saw a maroon roadster at the front, but there was no visitor inside.

Don went to his room and his mother did likewise, and saw the clothes neatly folded on the foot of her bed. Pretty clothes belonging to a slender thing. Pale yellow sweater, grey plaid skirt, smart walking shoes. Pink things.

Deduction: A girl was here in a bathing suit. Confirmation: Glance out of the window, and there on the sandbank, was Jenny or a gorgeous facsimile.

A hurried knock on the door interrupted her speculation. The

maid, in a great state of agitation, handed her the telegram. She was upset when she got it, she said. Her reading wasn't too good. She'd telephoned the bad news, but shortly after a neighbor, "better educated," had called, read the telegram and explained that the Army wanted Master Don to report on Wednesday for examination and discharge. "I telephoned again. You had gone, but Miss Jenny said she'd deliver the message."

Mrs. Brooks started for Don's room, taking the plaid skirt and the telegram with her. Don was gazing out of the window. She did not speak, but put the skirt and the telegram on the bed, and went to her room and waited.

Silence for a while. Then the house began to tremble. In a frighteningly short time Don, in trunks, pounded down the stairs, banged out the door, raced across the lawn and dived into the water. He swam, flopped up on the sandbank, and moved close to Jenny.

"Jenny!"

"Hello."

"How did you get here so quickly?"

"I took Basil's car. I came to tell you that Dad would like to have you in the business, now that you aren't going back to the Army. I gave him your application."

"How did you find out?"

"Your maid and someone who lives near you telephoned about the mistake. So I thought—so I came—"

Deep breath. "So I remembered what you said about awkward."

There being no further distance between them to overcome, and there being nothing more to be said, Don took the slender thing in his arms, kissed her, and, glory be, got kissed in return.

(Copyright)

Flowers For Josie

Continued from page 4

HELLEN'S eyes popped with dismay. In a small, strangled voice, she said, hastily, "Oh, no. No—please, you can't possibly."

"Oh, yes, I can!" he said smiling. "You couldn't see her now anyway. She'll be asleep."

"Not with toothache," said the young man, sagely.

"Well, trying to sleep. You'd only disturb her."

"She might like to be disturbed, with toothache gnawing her pretty head off. Anyway, let's toss for it. Heads you do a show with me. Tails I take flowers to Josie."

With a friendly smile, he thrust one hand into his pocket in search of a coin. Helen felt certain that he didn't believe one word about that wretched toothache. She looked up at him.

"Don't let's toss," she said meekly. "I'd like to go with you, thank you."

With the young man's arm lightly guiding her as they walked out into the street, Helen wished, for almost the first time, that she had paid more attention to her clothes and her looks generally.

Clear of the current of hurrying pedestrians, conversation began. Stilted and polite at first, but as mutual tastes and ideas were discovered Helen completely forgot clothes, make-up, Josie's apurpos toothache—everything. She only knew that she had never been happier in all her life; that there was someone who both talked sense and understood her kind of sense, too.

A show, a light supper, lots of satisfying talk—and the wonderful evening was over. But he promised to ring her next day.

The following morning Helen found Josie had left for the hairdresser. The moment of telling was put off for yet a little longer. Helen dreaded it. She knew that she would not be able to tell the story calmly. She couldn't even pretend that it hadn't been heaven.

Helen left for the library before her sister returned, and it was fairly

late in the day before the two girls met.

"Well, how did Rex Major take it, dear?" Josie asked casually. "Oh—he was very disappointed."

"I suppose so. He sounded a bit curt on the phone this morning, but he's coming right along, so I can explain for myself. There's the doorbell now. Answer it like a good girl."

As Helen opened the door, the young naval lieutenant standing there was struck by her starry eyes and flushed face. Not a patch on Josie, of course, but still—

"Josie home?" he inquired politely with a friendly smile.

Helen could only stand and stare with sudden disappointment. It wasn't her naval man at all.

"Not home?" queried the lieutenant, misreading her hesitation. Helen blinked.

"Yes, oh, yes. Of course she's home. Come in, will you?" The officer stepped inside.

"Thanks. Tell her it's Rex Major, will you?"

"Who?"

"Rex Major. It's quite all right. Josie knows me quite well. She's expecting me. Ah. Here she is now."

Josie, tripping lightly down the stairs, had eyes and welcome only for the caller. Helen, startled and bewildered, stood there unnoticed.

"I was so sorry about last night, Rex," Josie was saying. "But I knew that you'd understand. Had you been waiting long when Helen found you?"

"The young man frowned. "When what?"

"When Helen gave you the message. This is Helen, my young sister, you know. You were talking to her last night."

Helen stood dumbly as the young man stared at her. He shook his head.

"I don't think so," he said, with polite assurance. "I stood cooling my heels for half an hour, then I rang you. Your mother said you'd gone to bed with toothache."

In pretty, but for once sincere, bewilderment, Josie turned to Helen. "Didn't you tell me just now that you met Rex and that he was disappointed, dear?"

"I did speak to someone—"

Helen began lamely. Josie frowned. Prettily.

"Good gracious, Helen. You must have spoken to the wrong man. Why, you silly girl, anything might have happened. Did you hurry right away afterwards?"

Helen breathed a small sigh. "Yes. I hurried right away."

"That's all right, then," said Josie contentedly, as the caller followed her into the lounge.

Then before Helen could even begin to collect her scattered thoughts, the phone rang, and she found the receiver instantly in her hand, her whole body quivering.

"Hello?" she asked breathlessly. There it was. His lovely deep voice again. She sighed happily. Explanations would come. In the meantime here he was.

"Hello! That's you, isn't it, Helen?"

Because the two in the lounge might be listening, Helen's voice was a mere murmur.

"Yes, it's me. That's Rex Major speaking, isn't it?"

How cunning he had been last night, when she asked, "Shall I call you Lieutenant Major or Mr. Major?"

"What's wrong with my Christian name?" he had asked.

"Rex? Why, it's rather a nice name, isn't it? All right." Which had, of course, given him at least the full name of his role for the evening.

Over the phone now came a little cough.

"That's Rex Major, isn't it?" Helen repeated.

"Minimmm. Yes."

"That's quite odd. Because Rex Major's right here in our lounge, too. He arrived a few minutes ago."

There was a longish pause at the other end of the line. For one panicky moment Helen was afraid that he had rung off and that she would never see him again. Then a low chuckle reassured her.

"Well, now, just hold this line for three minutes and give me a fair hearing, will you?" he said.

Would she! Oh, would she! The voice went on.

"Now, put yourself in my place, and suppose that all your life you'd hated glamor girls. Then all of a sudden, while you're standing waiting for a chap you're pretty certain won't be able to turn up, along comes a girl who really does look like a natural girl."

"Well, suppose this beautiful natural-looking being suddenly spoke to you. You knew at once that she'd made a mistake, but you were lonely and a bit homesick, and there she was, and there were you! Now, honestly, Helen, what would you do?"

"If you put it that way, I suppose—"

"Yes, of course you would. So you'd better tell your mother all about it, because I'm coming over at seven to-night to take you out properly, if I may. Settled?"

"Oh, but—"

"Go on, say Yes," came the impatient voice. "What are you waiting for?"

"Oh, nothing. But—you're sure to fall straight in love with Josie—and I don't much want you to."

A really amused laugh broke in. "Not a chance in the world. I'm allergic to glamor. And in any case, it's very bad form to fall in love with your future sister-in-law."

"Sister-in-law?"

"Yes. As soon as you grow up I'm going to marry you, you know."

"You're very sure I'll have you," she demurred, though she was perfectly sure, too.

The deep laugh came again. "You'd better," he warned.

As Helen replaced the receiver she found herself feeling almost sorry for Josie.

(Copyright)

What's on your mind?

Volunteers to aid nurses

IT would be a splendid gesture if women who have been released from voluntary war work and have few responsibilities would offer their services a few hours daily to help ease the nursing shortage in hospitals.

They could perform simple ward duties, allowing nurses to do the more skilled jobs. Fewer nurses would be needed in each ward, so that wards closed now could admit waiting patients.

Write to Mrs. G. Gapps, 25 Irvine St., Bankstown, N.S.W.

The policeman's lot

AFTER seeing policemen sweeter during this summer it should be evident to everyone how much they need a light-weight summer uniform.

Why should policemen sweeter in



heavy serge when they could carry out their duties just as efficiently in uniforms similar to the summer dress of servicemen?

Write to Mrs. W. F. Griffin, 8 Stanley St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

Siren signal

MANY people while surfing do not hear the bell warning them of the presence of sharks. Why not use former air-raid sirens as shark signals? They would be heard by everyone.

Write to Miss L. Pearce, Bundamba, Ipswich, Qld.

Delay in making wills

WHY do so many people postpone making their wills? Women, in particular, seem to have a superstitious objection to making their wills. Omitting to do so cannot ensure against death; but a properly-drawn-up will can ensure that possessions after death will be disposed according to our own wishes.

Failure to make a will can only result in delay in settling the estate, and possible court proceedings.

Write to Mrs. T. Bland, 35 Victoria St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

Cater for children

THE railway departments in each State could help mothers travelling long distances with children by designing special compartments with cots, play-pens, and a hot water service.

In such compartments children would have proper rest and feeding and would not become fretful as they do now, worrying their mothers and other passengers.

Write to Mrs. C. J. Tucker, 60 Wood Terrace, Whyalla, S.A.

Big families over-rated

BEING the eleventh child of a family of 12, I feel privileged to air my views on the subject of large families.

I consider large families very much over-rated from every point of view, except perhaps that of the older members of such a family.

The younger ones are at the beck and call of the older ones and the numerous in-laws. Their friends and their outings are criticised by all.

Moreover, how many of these large families remain united, especially when the mother passes on? The differences in age separate them, and most older brothers and sisters fail to recognise that the young ones grow up.

Write to I.C., McKinnon, Vic.

Domesticate them

BECAUSE his wife was ill, a neighbor of ours did the whole family wash for the first time. He was amazed at the time and physical energy required. Yet it was a comparatively small wash.

Isn't this a good argument in favor of men having a short domestic course? They need put their domestic knowledge into practice only in crises; but if they under-

stood the labor involved in running a home they would be more appreciative and sympathetic when their wives are tired.

Write to Mrs. Clare Robin, 394 Bialand Rd., Ryde, N.S.W.

Lessons at home

IF all parents taught their children simple little poems and how to write, teachers would find the job of teaching new pupils much easier. This little effort would help to lighten the teachers' heavy task.

Write to Mrs. K. Elsum, c/o Post Office, Seville, Vic.



stood the labor involved in running a home they would be more appreciative and sympathetic when their wives are tired.

Write to Mrs. Clare Robin, 394 Bialand Rd., Ryde, N.S.W.

Lessons at home

IF all parents taught their children simple little poems and how to write, teachers would find the job of teaching new pupils much easier. This little effort would help to lighten the teachers' heavy task.

Write to Mrs. K. Elsum, c/o Post Office, Seville, Vic.

The Duke and Duchess

● The Governor-General, His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, and the Duchess entertained 1000 guests at their first garden party at Government House, Canberra. Members of the Diplomatic Corps and their wives, Members of Parliament and their wives, and local and country residents were invited.

Invitations have been issued to garden parties to be held at Government House, Sydney, on April 4 and April 5.



MISS SHAKUNTALA PARANIPPE, daughter of Indian High Commissioner, wore a gold-spotted flame eart. With her is Mrs. Otway Falkner, of Booka North, Wigtown, mother of the new Country Party M.L.C., Mr. Otway "Mac" Falkner.



VISITING their Canberra home for the garden party and picnic races, Mrs. T. A. Field, of Lanyon station and Sydney, and her daughter, Miss Betty Field, chat with Mr. and Mrs. Clive Ogilvie of Canberra. Mrs. Ogilvie's hat of raspberry straw was pearl-studded.



DAME MARY HUGHES in feather-trimmed hat with black gown, and Mrs. Percy Spender, in grey suit with tassel-trimmed cap.



HOST AND HOSTESS, the Duke and Duchess wore short flame chiffon ensembles. Phipps, Lady-in-Waitress.



RECENTLY WED, Mr. and Mrs. Sim Bennett, of Kambah Park, Canberra, were local guests. Her dainty dusty-pink curvette matched her light wool ensemble.



AFTERNOON TEA near the Yarralumla for Mrs. Tom Ralston, gendore (right), and Brigadier and



ACTING BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER Mr. W. Han-kinson (right) and his wife, who was wearing fox furs with a black frock, talk with Mr. W. Gurnett.



ARMY MINISTER Mr. Frank who wore a black floral frock. tie was

give a garden party



Princess of Gloucester, greet Mrs. Chifley, wife of the Prime Minister. The Princess is with wide-brimmed leghorn hat trimmed with pastel roses. Miss Eileen, daughter of the Duchess, was in ecru lace and straw picture hat.



Princess of Gloucester, greet Mrs. Chifley, wife of the Prime Minister. The Princess is with wide-brimmed leghorn hat trimmed with pastel roses. Miss Eileen, daughter of the Duchess, was in ecru lace and straw picture hat.



Princess of Gloucester, greet Mrs. Chifley, wife of the Prime Minister. The Princess is with wide-brimmed leghorn hat trimmed with pastel roses. Miss Eileen, daughter of the Duchess, was in ecru lace and straw picture hat.



PRINCE RICHARD holds his own court, while Miss A. W. Bundock, Mrs. C. W. Bundock, and Mrs. G. S. Stogdale exclaim how like his grandpa (the late King George V) he is. The two little Princes were brought out by their nurses to see the guests. Miss H. Lightbody wheeled the pram.



COOTAMUNDRA GUESTS, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Bragg, on the lawn. Mrs. Bragg's flower-trimmed hat matched her grey faille frock, worn with navy accessories.



NEW CHIEF OF STAFF, Major-General Charles Miller, with Mr. E. C. Smith, Tallaganda Shire President. It was Major-General Miller's first party in Australia.

Danger on the Run

Continued from page 5

FRANCES was really frightened now. "It's Harry Dempsey. If you'll let him explain—Don't do anything, Tom!"

Dempsey was inside before he saw Tom. Tom said, "Put your hands up."

Dempsey's nerve was good. His hands went up slowly as Tom came toward him.

Frances said quickly. "They hijacked the truck and killed Sully. Harry, Tom is an investigator for the insurance company. He thinks—" Without taking his eyes from Tom, Dempsey said to Frances, "Didn't you tell him about me?"

"You told me not to tell anyone."

"That thing makes it different."

Dempsey nodded at the gun. "Can I see your papers, Rodgers?"

Tom held out the identification card. Dempsey looked it over and his tense body relaxed.

"I'm sold. Can I reach for my pocketbook?"

"No. I'll get it."

Tom got the pocketbook. Dempsey said, "It seems we're on the same job. I'm working for the Truckers' Alliance."

Tom fumbled the papers out with one hand. Harry Dempsey was a special representative of the North American Truckers' Alliance and had plenty to prove it. As Tom returned the pocketbook and put his gun away, he began to feel less miserable. Maybe that telephone conversation wasn't as bad as it had sounded. He looked questioningly at Frances.

She said, "I was standing watch for Harry when Sully took the truck out. I called Harry in Riverview."

"In Riverview?"

"I was setting a trap," Dempsey explained. "We were going to have men staked out all along the highway in the morning. Sully threw my plans out of joint, but I thought it would be safe to let him go, figuring that nobody knew he was on his way. Frances wouldn't let me take the chance. She was right, of course, and I drove back towards town, hoping to meet the truck on the road. You know the rest."

Frances said softly, "Poor little Sully."

"He would have had a better chance in the morning," Dempsey said, "after I had my men planted. This time we were going to have a showdown."

"Was that why Wallace let everyone think the load wasn't going to be protected?"

"Yes. It was a come-on. We've tried guards with the driver, guards hidden in the truck, guards trailing in another car, but the information always leaks. Nothing happens until we take the guards off."

"That's just it," Tom frowned heavily. "Oh, well, I've got to turn Sully's body over to the police."

Frances said, "Then what?"

"I don't know. The cops will probably move in, and I'll have to think up a new angle. I won't be able to stay under cover now."

"I want to keep in the dark as long as I can," Dempsey said. "Wallace and Frances and the president of Associated are the only people who know I'm on the job. Can you leave me out of it when you talk to the cops?"

"I think so."

Frances was ready to leave by the time Dempsey had agreed on the necessary distortion of the facts. Tom walked with her to where her car was parked down the street.

"I owe you a couple of apologies now, Frances."

"It's all right."

"It's not all right. I've made a lot of mistakes. I've let two loads of whisky get away from me, and Sully might be alive if I'd used my head better. That's enough to discourage anyone."

"Tom," it was almost a whisper. "Yes?"

"Would it help if I took back that slap?"

He caught her in his arms and kissed her.

When Tom reached the warehouse next day, Wallace was in his office with a red-faced man in police uniform, a second stranger with grey hair and a firm jaw, and Harry Dempsey. The man in uniform was shouting at Wallace when Tom

walked in. He broke off to turn and glare.

"Who are you?"

"Tom Rodgers," Wallace said, glad of the interruption. "This is the chief of police, Rodgers, and Mr. Mitchell, president of Associated Carriers."

The chief glowered at Tom, then turned back to Mitchell. "What was the matter with the police, if you were having trouble? Why call in a detective?"

"I didn't call him in," Mitchell said. "His company must have sent him to investigate on his own. But I'll stand behind Rodgers. We called on your department at least two months ago for guards. We were told that the police couldn't cross the county line, and that we would have to hire our own men."

"Somebody made a mistake," the chief said with an effort. "I'll assign a man to each of your trucks from now on. Get that clear—the police are taking over right now. If one load of whisky goes out from now on without a police guard, I'll impound your trucks and jail the whole bunch of you for criminal recklessness."

He stormed out of the office. "At least he means business," Mitchell said. "What are your plans now, Dempsey?"

"I haven't any. If the cops are going to ride the trucks, there isn't anything more to worry about."

"Isn't there?" Mitchell's strong jaw pushed out. "I still don't know who has been tipping off the hijackers from this warehouse, and I don't expect the police to tell me. That's your job."

"I'll do what I can," Dempsey said. "I warn you though that I don't expect to get anywhere now."

Tom said, "I do."

The other men looked at him. Dempsey said, "You're going to keep working on it?"

"Certainly. Putting cops on the trucks isn't going to satisfy my boss. He's out a hundred and forty thousand dollars, and he's going to want somebody turned in for it."

Notice to contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript, or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 5000 to 10000 words; articles up to 15000 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1065W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Mitchell said, "Good. Have you any ideas?"

"Yes."

"What are they?"

"I don't want to say. They'll take time to develop. But if we could keep the police out of it for a little while longer—"

Tom let the sentence hang. Mitchell said, "Go ahead."

"Well, Dempsey is right about the hijackers. They'll quit as soon as the cops get on the trucks. But suppose the word leaks out that I've promised to get them for Sully's murder, and that I'm going to ride guard on the next truck, not the cops. What do you suppose will happen?"

Dempsey said, "You think they'd try to knock you off, and you'd take them. Is that the idea?"

"That's the idea."

Mitchell said, "What do you think, Dempsey?"

"It's dangerous, but it could work," Dempsey answered thoughtfully. "All right," Mitchell made his decision. "I'll risk trouble with the police just to try to clean this up. But it's your idea, Rodgers. I don't want to think I put you up to it if you don't come through alive."

"We'll better work fast," Tom said. "Before the cops tie us up. Wallace, you schedule a load for to-morrow morning. Have it ready to go at seven o'clock instead of eight, because the chief will probably start his investigation early to find somebody to drive for me!"

"I'll drive," Dempsey said.

Please turn to page 25



I SHOULD COME HOME TO This

By
VIRGINIA FAULKNER

FOR a man on his first leave in nearly a year, Lt. Comdr. Hal Verner was not in particularly high spirits. He was hot, he was tired, he was perplexed; and his carefully planned home-coming, so long savored in advance, had laid a stupendous egg.

Arriving in New York unheralded—a surprise appearance was part of the plan—he had occupied himself during the drive from the station picturing the climactic moment when he should let himself into the apartment, calling a cheery good-morning to a stunned but starry-eyed mate.

There would follow scenes of rejoicing, a bath in a genuine bathtub, and a fine large breakfast. After that would be time to consider various pleasant ways of spending the next three weeks.

About the time he had expected to be diving into that breakfast, Lieutenant Commander Verner was sweltering in a day coach, bound for Southton, Connecticut. It was just one of those things—Hal's duties had been keeping him several laps ahead of the mailman, and no doubt the letter informing him of his wife's change of domicile was still reposing in some South Pacific P.O.—but Hal was not in a philosophical frame of mind.

The least a wife could do, it seemed to him, was stay put. Why should Lorry move, anyway? And what on earth had possessed her to move to the country?

New York, she had always maintained, was the place for her. So what was she doing sixty-five miles away from it, at a place with the revolting name of Marshmallow Hill Farm? Lorry, he decided, certainly must have changed. And, whether for better or for worse, Hal didn't want his wife to change. He had liked her fine the way she was.

That he should hold her in such esteem seemed curious to many, for there was no denying that the former Miss Erskine was by no means everyone's cup of tea. In fact, she had long been regarded by the nation at large as one of the most alarming women in it. As a writer and critic, she had gained a fair amount of renown, but it was her astounding capacity for hair-trigger repartee, barbed retorts, and searing epithets which had gained for her a great and fearsome reputation.

Hal's choice for a life's companion of a lady who had practically made a career out of having the last word seemed, at first, inexplicable.

The couple, however, confounded critics by achieving high-grade domestic felicity. And not only that, but professionally, as well, the union had proved harmonious. The Verners had joined literary forces and—until the war put a temporary end to their collaboration—were rapidly becoming one of Hollywood's better-known writing teams.

Hollywood, of course, does not pay off with peanuts, but neither of the Verners had been notably thrifty—a thought which struck Hal with some force when the driver of the vintage sedan which constituted the entire rolling stock of the Southton Taxi Company steered his vehicle through an impressive stone gateway and, after traversing a half-

mile of winding, tree-shaded drive, drew up before a vast white manor house.

Hal whistled—the structure seemed to ramble up hill and down dale for blocks. "Is it a hotel?" he asked hopefully.

"Nope," said the driver. "It's a estate."

Confused and indignant—was Lorry out of her mind?—Hal got out of the cab and started toward the stately front entrance. Farm, my foot, he thought. Why, a joint like this won't run on less than three shifts of butlers.

Seething, he ran up the steps, crossed the sun deck, and stepped through French doors into a spacious lounge.

Opposite him, a long row of arched windows overlooked a flagged terrace, swimming pool and croquet lawn.

There were a dozen or so people amusing themselves in and about the pool, and as Hal, stunned into inactivity, stood watching, a bronzed young man in shorts and a blond girl in dashing gingham rompers detached themselves from the group and strolled toward the house. He listened for a bemused moment—so this is the home front—while they discussed ways and means of killing time before lunch.

"Why not let's just take it easy?" the man said finally. "After all, the week-end's still young."

A week-end party, huh? thought Hal. He stood in the centre of the lounge, debating whether to track Lorry down or just stay where he was and bawl her name. But hearing a fusillade of high-pitched titers, he discarded both alternatives and made for the room from which the horrid sounds emanated. Jerking open the door, he found himself, as he had surmised, in the presence of the Verner-family amanuensis.

"Good-morning, Miss B.," he said in thought-of-fact tones. "Where's the little woman?"

"Good-morning, Mr. — Well, forevermore!" bleated Miss B., dropping her pencil, notebook and a small glass of milk.

"Where's the little woman?" Hal repeated impatiently.

"Hello, baby," said a familiar voice. Spinning round, he saw his wife, sprawled on the sofa.

Hal pulled himself together. "Well," he said, "this is a surprise. I thought probably you'd be out working in the fields."

"No, we're all caught up on our August tilling," Lorry informed him as she scrambled to her feet. "Welcome home, sweetie! Welcome home!"

"Oh, thanks," said Hal coolly. Detaching himself from her embrace, he walked over to the desk, helped himself to a cigarette, and lit it with exaggerated deliberation.

"What—" began Lorry, and then checked herself. "Miss B.," she said,

"why don't you beat it down to the kitchen and tell Gloria to put about four points' worth of fatted calf on the spit? And break out the bottle of Scotch; it's in my shoe closet."

"All-righty; I'll just do that!" said Miss B., vivaciously.

When the door closed behind her, Lorry turned to Hal, her brow alighted in an anxious frown. "Are you all right? All in one piece and everything?"

"Oh, sure," said Hal. "Sound as wind and limb."

"You certainly look as if sea-faring agreed with you." And, when Hal continued to smoke in non-committal silence, "Did you—I hope you're a good long leave."

"Three weeks," said Hal in a fat voice.

"Well, then, how's for taking of your hat and staying a while?"

"Are you sure," inquired Hal with enormous irony, "I won't be crowding you?"

Lorry gave him a reproachful look. "You certainly haven't, so far." She sat down on the sofa and patted the place beside her. "Why not move on in and see what happens?"

Her eyes met Hal's, wavering, took a tentative step in her direction, then swerved around to the desk and crunched out his cigarette violently. "Women!" he said disgustedly.

Lorry sighed. "All right," she said. "Speak up, brother. Get it off your chest. What's wrong with women? You used to think they were pretty nice."

"I think," he said ominously, shoving his cap back on his head, "you're the one who'd better be talking, missy."

"Oh! Have you any particular subject in mind, or shall I just ramble on? By the way, I expect you'll be wanting to—stow your gear" in the expression, isn't it? I'm putting you in the Nutcracker Suite. I do hope you won't mind sharing a bath with a couple of draft-dodgers."

"But if you'd feel more at home," she went on swiftly, "one of the footmen can dig you a foxhole in the orchid house. In any case, luncheon is at half after one, dinner at nine—we dress, of course—and breakfast whenever you want it, with whomever you find yourself."

She smiled sweetly. "Excuse me now, lamb. I must dash into the village and do my black-marketing."

"Oh, no, you don't!" Hal barked, nastily. "This little discussion isn't finished yet, my girl. Not by a long shot! What's the big idea, anyway? What are you trying to do? Run a rest home for leaflets?"

Lorry's eyes narrowed. "Haven't you forgotten to ask me whether or not I know there's a war on?"

"Well, do you?" He stood looking down at her as if she were a specimen on a slide. "What has happened to you, Lorry? Don't you understand what a shock it is for a guy to have a set-up like this suddenly sprung on him? It'd be hard to take any time, but especially now—and after you've been the places I've been—and—and, I've had no mail for six weeks; I didn't even know you'd moved!"

"You didn't know I'd—" "I certainly did not! This has been"

Sparkling comedy romance

mand, Miss Mallory—the girl in rompers whom Hal had seen earlier—there were still problems constantly arising which demanded the personal attention of the head lady.

Every five seconds or so it seemed to Hal, a female appeared with word of some new crisis. The Southton butcher had run out of frankfurts. Should they send to Ridgefield? A Seabee had fallen off the sile and sprained his neck. Should they call a doctor or the Motor Corps? The amplifier on the phonograph was broken. Where could they find a repair-man to fix it in time for the dance? And the telephone calls!

Mrs. Snow, of Bethel, had been sent an extra Aussie by mistake. Could Miss Erskine possibly put him up over Sunday? Mrs. Maynard, of Danbury, had found nine volunteers who could come over on the 5.08 bus. Could Miss Erskine arrange for transportation from the bus stop? And Mrs. Wilkes, from down the road, called to say their well was dry, and could she send Sonny over for a few buckets of water?

"I am sorry, baby," Lorry said, when she rejoined her fuming husband after the last and longest interruption. "But if you knew what ages we've been trying to lure Mr. Loosbrook over here—"

"Who's Mr. Loosbrook?"

"The plumber," said Lorry. "And the Southton fire chief and goodness knows how much else!" She sighed. "How simple life must have been when everybody lived in trea. I guess we didn't know when we were well off."

"Speaking of being well off," said Hal, "doesn't it take an awful lot of jack to run a joint like this? For instance, what's the rap so far, the month you've been here?"

Lorry told him.

Hal nearly fell out of his chair. "What are you using for money?"

"Money."

"Whose? Ours? I mean, I know it's all in a worthy cause, but there's no point in going hog-wild."

"Relax, bo," said Lorry. "You just concentrate on being an officer and a gentleman, and let baby do the money-grubbing. I can still turn an honest penny with inkpot and quill, can't I?"

"Oh sure, you're a wonder girl!" said Hal impatiently, "but just the same, I don't think you realize what it means to be saddled with a place like this. Why, even when we were making the kind of dough we did in Hollywood, I'd have hesitated to—"

"Now, shush!" said Lorry. "Don't you worry, sweetie. I'm doing all right. After all, women have been left in charge of the home-fire department before. Whenever the gents go off to fight, the gals take over—and it seems to me they've always turned in a pretty good job."

"I suppose," said Hal brilliantly, "you think everything would be just daisy if women ran the whole country. Boy, I'd like to see what would happen if they did!"

"You probably will, dear," said Lorry. "Yes! Come in!"

Miss Mallory popped her head in the door. "Can you come down to the basement? Mr. Loosbrook wants to give you an estimate before he goes ahead."

"I'll be right there." She smiled ruefully at Hal. "It's one of those days," she said.

"But isn't there something I can do to help?"

"No, not a thing; honest. If you'd just amuse yourself quietly for a while—take a nice nap or something."

"I think I can manage to keep out of mischief," said Hal dryly, "even if I stay awake."

You have to be a plumber to rate around this joint, he thought bitterly. I guess I should have stood in Salpan. Depressed, frustrated and resentful, he wandered aimlessly round the room, and at last picked up a sheaf of newspaper clippings. Some were concerned with Lorry's activities on behalf of servicemen, others were excerpts from chatter columns.

Please turn to page 27

"I think," Hal said ominously, "you're the one who'd better do the talking, missy."

a morning, let me tell you! There I am, all hopped up at the thought of getting home. I jump off the train, I scam over to the apartment, and this bird in pyjamas opens the door, and I—and I—"

"And you what?"

"Why, why—well, I found out you'd moved, that's all."

A gleam appeared in Lorry's eye. "I bet," she hazarded. "Well, if I were you, I'd realise there must be something to that old saw about its being a mistake to go round jumping at conclusions. And it would be a mistake I'd not make again. Or at least not again the same morning."

She rose. "Lunch'll be in half an hour. Meanwhile make yourself at home—that is, if you care to."

When Miss B. came in bearing Scotch and ice and soda, she found Hal slumped in the deck chair.

"I'm in the dog-house, Miss B.," he said gloomily.

"Already?" said Miss B. "That's a shame, Mr. Venner." She set down the tray. "Would it disturb you if I used the phone? I've got to hustle round and see if I can't get some girls sent over."

"Girls?" Hal sat up. "Hey, what kind of a house is this?"

"Early American," said Miss B. "Don't you love it? We certainly could use more room, though. You'd be surprised how many of the boys are crazy to spend their furloughs in the country." She emitted a wild little giggle. "Oh, silly me! I forgot

a corkscrew! I'm so used to opening beer, and beer— Why, what is it, Mr. Venner?"

"Were those—" Hal gulped. "Were those servicemen I saw outside?"

"Uh-huh," she said. "That's what they were. And forty more are coming on the noon train. But just for the day. We haven't space to accommodate them overnight; the house is already brimming over at the beams." And then, noticing the peculiar expression on Hal's face, "But we can certainly make room for our own sailor boy," she added reassuringly. "Don't you worry, Mr. Venner; we'll manage to stick you in a corner somewhere."

"That's what I'm afraid of," said

Hal. He considered a moment. "Miss B., will you do something for me? Will you go and tell Lorry to put that fattened calf back in the vault? Tell her," he concluded wryly, "if she happens to have a crow handy, I'll eat that."

"Crow?" said Miss B. "All-righty, Mr. Venner."

It was unfortunate there were so many times that afternoon when Hal found himself with nothing better to do than brood.

Although most of the work connected with the bowing, feeding, and entertaining of the G.I. guests was done by a small domestic staff, assisted by local volunteers, and was supervised by Lorry's second in com-

Fashion Frock Service

"MARGARET"

Slim-fitting frock in winter material

Up-to-the-minute fashion points are presented in this smart frock which comes to you in a fancy weave, winter-weight material in shades of grey, London-tan, ho tie-green, rich burgundy, sage-blue, and nigger-brown. Note attractive neckline, broad shoulders, new dolman sleeves, nipped-in waistline, and a skirt with unpressed pleats.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 65/6 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 69/11 (13 coupons). Postage, 2/11 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 43/6 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 49/4 (13 coupons). Postage, 2/11 extra.

To Order: Fashion Patterns, Fashion Frock, and Needlework Notions may be had from our Pattern Dept. If ordering by mail send to address given under Concession coupon.

Fashion PATTERNS

F4205—Eye-catching pussy-cat-bow blouse with scalloped front and sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. wide Pattern, 1/5.

F4206—Smart suit for the well-dressed girl. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. wide; with 4yds. of braid trim. Pattern, 1/8.

F4207—A snug, quilted housecoat for winter. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. wide quilting. Pattern, 1/11.

F4208—The prettiest style for your new dance frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/11.

F4209—A "just right" frock for your busy life. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4210—Sweet coat and bonnet for small girl. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Requires 1½yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/5.

★ ★ ★
* PLEASE NOTE: To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post, you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamp, postal notes, and coupons. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use bag numbers given on this page. * No C.O.D. orders accepted.



SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

SMART HAT AND BAGS—Size: Medium.

No. 1.—Requires ½yd. 36in. wide light, ½yd. 36in. wide dark.

No. 2.—Requires ½yd. 36in. wide with ½yd. braid trim.

No. 3.—Requires ½yd. of 36in. wide and ½yd. braid trim.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 188A, G.P.O., Adelaide Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth Box 484W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

TASMANIA: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 488W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME

STREET SUBURB

TOWN STATE

SIZE Pattern Coupon, 30/3/46.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 700 EMBROIDER THIS DAINTY DUCHESSE SET

This set is traced clearly on a British cotton in shades of light grey, pale blue, and clear beige, and is all ready for you to embroider. It features a scalloped edge for buttonholing, and a floral inset with unusual border at each end.

Set consists of centre mat and two small mats. Price 3/- complete set, no coupons. Postage 2½d. extra.

No. 701 DROP-BACK PYJAMAS FOR 1 to 5-YEAR-OLDS

Pattern for these pyjamas is clearly traced on an excellent quality flannelette in shades of pale pink, pale blue, and white, and is ready for you to cut out and make up. Full instructions given.

They feature drop-back trousers, high neckline buttoned front, long, warm sleeves, and trousers gathered into the ankles.

Sizes 1 to 3 years, 7/11 (4 coupons); 3 to 4 years, 8/11 (2 coupons); 4 to 5 years, 9/11 (3 coupons). Postage, 2½d. extra.

No. 702 FROCK FOR SMALL GIRL

Patterned in a lightweight woolen with the crepe finish, the pattern for this little frock is traced clearly, ready for you to cut out and make up. Shades available include blue, sky-blue, rose-pink, and light green.

Design shows a pinaflore effect with high neckline, long, warm sleeves, twin embroidered inset bands on bodice, and a pleated skirt. Embroidery design is stamped ready to work.

Sizes 4 to 6 years, 15/11 (5 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 17/11 (5 coupons); 8 to 10 years, 18/11 (6 coupons). Postage, 5½d. extra.

"Will my few pounds make any difference?"



"The Security Loan is for £70,000,000. Will my few pounds make any difference to its success or failure?"
 "I quite believe that it will take at least £70,000,000 to rehabilitate all our ex-service men and women . . . but the amount I could invest would be a mere drop in the bucket."

What would have been the position during the war if individual men had said, "It takes hundreds of thousands of men to make an effective Army. What difference will my personal services make to the success or failure of Australian defence? All I can do would be a mere drop in the bucket."

Just as the wholehearted effort of every citizen, no matter how limited his capacity, was essential to the winning of the war, so it is essential to the rehabilitation of those who fought that war.

LOOK AT IT ANOTHER WAY:

Because your savings are modest in amount you will need to exercise greater care in investing them. Three things are important to you: (1) Security. (2) Access to your money in case of emergency. (3) Remunerative interest.

The Security Loan offers even the smallest investor each and all of these. Your security is the guarantee of the Commonwealth Govern-

ment. Quick access to your money is assured because of the ready negotiability of all Commonwealth Bonds. The interest is 3½% for 12 years or 2% for 3 years. From every point of view, therefore, your "few pounds" will help to make ALL the difference—to the security of our service men and women and to your own future.

FACTS ABOUT THE £70,000,000 SECURITY LOAN

1. All you lend will be used to meet commitments arising out of the war, particularly the rehabilitation of Australian service men and women.
2. Bonds for £10, £50, £100, £500 and £1,000, or Inscribed Stock, may be purchased for cash or by instalments through any Bank, Savings Bank, Money Order Post Office or Stockbroker. Interest is payable each six months, at 3½% per annum for 12 years or 2% per annum for 3 years. The 2% short-term interest rate should appeal to companies and individuals with money temporarily available for investment.
3. Repayment in full at maturity is guaranteed by the Commonwealth. Bonds and Inscribed Stock are readily saleable to meet an emergency.
4. On your application form credit your subscription to your district to help its quota.

Sign your name for Security. Invest in the

SECURITY LOAN

Security for Servicemen . . . Security for YOU



*For added Leisure
..and more time
for Pleasure!*

INSIST ON GAS . . . in your New Home

Whether you are building a New Home—or modernising your present dwelling—insist on Gas for the Four Big Jobs—Cooking, Hot Water, Refrigeration, and Heating. Gas offers the most efficient and practical service, twenty-four hours of every day. Automatic Finger-tip Control ensures true economy, convenience, added leisure, and more time for pleasure. Gas is modern—the fashionable way to Brighter and Easier Living. Insist on Gas for the Four Big Jobs in your New Home!

Select approved appliances at your Gas Company Showrooms

GAS
FOR THE 4 BIG JOBS



After six years devoted to the War Effort, the services of the Gas Industry are now free to assist you towards Brighter and Better Living.

INSERTED BY THE NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA

COOKING . . . HOT WATER . . . REFRIGERATION . . . HEATING

Continuing . . . Danger on the Run

from page 20

TOM eyed Dempsey thoughtfully, then said, "Thank. But there's a chance that the hijackers are on to you, and the two of us would scare them off. It ought to be one of the regular drivers, if any of them will go."

"Novack said he would go with a guard."

"Good. See that everybody in the warehouse knows what we're going to do." Tom started for the door.

"Where are you going now?" Mitchell said.

"Private business. See you later." By sneaking around tiers of packing cases, Tom got back to the despatcher's desk without being seen by the warehousemen. Frances was busy making out waybills.

Tom said, "Can I look at your despatch sheets for the last five or six months?"

She got him the despatch sheets and wrote down Burt Howell's address when he asked for that. He was acutely conscious of her nervousness and it would have been easy for him to put his arm around her. But he knew his mind would wander from business if he did. He finished with the despatch sheets and gave them back.

"Forget I saw those, will you?"

"If you say so. What are you—"

"I haven't time to explain. Wallace will tell you what's up."

He kissed her, and went out, making his way to the boarding-house where Burt Howell lived.

It was not very far away. Burt was still in bed sleeping when Tom found him. He had delivered a load to the warehouse at 5 a.m. that day and learned of the murder from Dempsey, but he had not yet seen the newspapers. He propped his long frame up in bed and demanded details. Tom had to tell him everything there was to tell before he could get round to his own questions.

"Burt, you started to say something on the freight platform yesterday when Wallace came out and propositioned us. What was it?"

"Oh, I was going to say there was more than two when they got my load—five or six. A carful."

"All masked?"

"No, they weren't masked. They didn't care whether I looked at them or not. I didn't get much chance, anyway, because they knocked me out as soon as I was out of the truck."

Tom thought that over. He said, "Was anyone else stopped by the same bunch?"

"Novack. He lost the first load. I was next. Then we had guards for a while. As soon as they took the guards off, those two monkeys in the flour sacks began knocking us over."

"And they've been at it ever since?"

"Yep. Far as I know."

"That's what I hoped to hear." Tom said. "Now if you'll just forget that I talked to you, everything is under control."

He hurried away before Burt could get too inquisitive.

None of the day-shift drivers had arrived when Tom reached the warehouse at seven o'clock the following morning. Burt Howell, who had some off duty an hour before, had heard of the plot and was hanging round out of sheer curiosity. Wallace and Frances waited with him on the platform.

Novack came into the dock, nodded curtly to the people on the platform, and climbed into the truck. The motor roared into life.

All this time Tom had carefully avoided looking at Frances, who stood there silently holding the waybills for the load. Now, as he took the papers from her, he pressed her fingers. Her hand was icy cold.

"I'll be back," he said. "Nothing is going to happen to me."

He stepped off the platform and climbed into the truck. As it pulled

out into the roadway he saw Frances lift her crossed fingers. Her lips moved. He waved good-bye.

The driver and the guard did not talk much during the first part of the ride. The morning was bright and sunny. There was no traffic to slow them down, but Novack did not drive fast.

Tom said, "What's holding you back, Charley?"

Novack speeded up a little. A few minutes later, when their speed fell off again, Tom said, "Step on it, will you? Stalling won't help us."

"All right, if you're in such a hurry," Novack said angrily. He put his foot down hard. The truck leaped ahead.

"That's better."

Tom saw the speedometer needle drop before they had gone another mile, but this time he said nothing. They rambled along at forty miles an hour until they were out of the flat country and into the foothills, and then Novack shifted into third and finally to second for the climb.

It began to get hot in the cab. Novack, now hauling steadily at the wheel, was starting to sweat.

"Why don't you take your coat off?" Tom said, after a while.

"I'm all right."

"We might as well stop bluffing, Charley. I know you're one of them."

Novack's head jerked round. He said, "What are you talking about?"

"That easy money was too much to resist, wasn't it? When you knew the road so well, and had the night run that left you free during the day, with plenty of opportunities to pinch a car, run up here in the hills, and knock over the liquor trucks. Easy as falling off a log."

Novack said harshly, "You're nuts!" Tom did not reply.

The truck rounded a curve, then another. Tom was quiet, waiting. Novack said at last, "I don't know what kind of a wild idea you've got, but don't forget I was the first man hijacked. I spent a week in the hospital."

"You were hijacked, all right. But not by the men who took my load and Sully's, and two or three before that. You and Burt were knocked over by a gang of real hijackers who got scared off when the company hired guards. There wouldn't have been any trouble after that if somebody hadn't started to think about how easy it was to pick up twenty thousand dollars."

Novack's face was streaming perspiration now. He said, "If I didn't think you were just trying to be funny, I'd stop this truck and kick your teeth in."

"I don't think so. Your partner is the one with the nerve."

"My partner? What are you talking about?"

"The man with an inside track to the necessary information you couldn't get, and the same yen for easy money. A couple of crooks like you two would come together like a pair of magnets."

"It's your dream," Novack said savagely. The speed of the truck increased.

"You're yellow," Tom repeated tauntingly. "You're afraid to go for that gun in the pocket of your coat that you wouldn't take off. You've got to keep going until we reach the place where your pal is waiting for us. Where is it, Charley?"

Novack shook the sweat from his face and bore down on the accelerator.

The truck skidded round a last curve and came out on a stretch of road where scrubby brush grew thickly along the bank. Tom, watching Novack's eyes, saw them flicker towards the roadside. As he turned his head in time to see the movement in the scrub, Novack's hand darted for his coat pocket. But Tom had already reached for his own gun. He pinioned Novack's arm with

his left hand and hit hard with the barrel of the heavy automatic. Novack slumped over the wheel. Tom kicked the door free and jumped out.

This time it was a coupe that swung out of the brush to block the road. The driverless truck hit it full on, and the coupe almost went over. Tom could have shot the masked figure at the wheel then, but he shouldered the man to put up his hands and get out of the car. The answer was a quick bullet that tugged Tom's sleeve, and then the masked man was out of the far side of the coupe. Tom fired twice and dodged behind the stalled truck barely in time to escape the return shot.

The masked man was hidden in the brush, and Tom's own screen did not permit him to shoot without exposing himself. He tried getting at Novack then, and found himself hopelessly stymied. The truck had slowed round with the crash, and the door on Tom's side of the cab was jammed against the coupe. Novack still had his gun. When he woke up and the two men came at Tom from different directions, things would get very nasty. And Novack wouldn't sleep forever. Unless a car came along in a hurry, or Tom could get the man in the brush to expose himself—

It was then that he heard, faint and far away, the sound in the distance. He held his breath and listened. Far down the mountain a siren was screaming.

Tom wasted no time thanking Lady Luck for sending the law along when he had done so little to deserve the law's help.

He took a deep breath. "Harry!" he bellowed. "Harry Dempsey!"

There was no sound from the brush.

"You're through," Tom shouted. "Hear that siren? The cops are coming."

Still no sound came from the roadside.

"Not much time left, Harry," Tom called. He stepped on the hub of the truck's rear wheel and then to the top of the tyre, balancing himself carefully. His arm hurt, but he could use it.

"Toss your gun in the road and come out!" he shouted. "The cops are on their way here, so hurry. They're getting close."

Now, for the first time, he heard the sound of movement. Almost simultaneously a painful grunt came from the cab, and brush cracked faintly. Tom slipped his gun in its holster, braced his foot on the riding light, and heaved himself up until his fingers hooked the top of the body. After that it was easy to lever himself over the edge. Sprawled flat on the roof of the truck, he hauled out the automatic.

He shoved his gun over the far edge of the truck top, pointed it at the focus of the movement in the scrub, and lifted his head until he was looking down the sights. The white flour-sack mask made a good target as Harry Dempsey fought his way through the brush away from the man who had trapped him at last. Tom squeezed the trigger, aiming very low.

The roar of the shot brought Novack out of the cab, a gun in his hand. Tom, leaning over the top, hit him hard.

"Now I'm one up," he said.

Frances was the first person out of the police car when it screamed up the hill at last. She found Tom bandaging his wound with a strip from his shirt. Dempsey lay in the

road groaning slightly, and Novack, bound and unconscious, was propped against a wheel of the truck. Frances saw no one but Tom.

"You're safe!" she cried, running to him.

She was in his arms when the police chief, followed by a squad of police, reached them. "The chief said sourly, 'I don't know what the charge is yet, but you're under arrest, Rodgers. Who are these men?'"

"The one against the wheel is Charley Novack. He drove trucks for Associated when he wasn't hijacking them. The other's his partner, Harry Dempsey."

The chief stared. Then he asked: "How did you tumble to them?"

"The heavy disguise, first of all."

Tom nodded toward Dempsey's hood. "They both wore them when they pulled their jobs. They were afraid even to leave their hands ungloved, and I knew they must be men the drivers knew well—maybe even drivers themselves. At first I picked Novack and another trucker named Burt Howell, because they were both regularly on the night run, and free during the day when the stick-ups occurred, but I had to write Howell off because he was too big to disguise himself."

"I went over the despatch sheets for the last six months, and found that Novack was the only driver who hadn't been working when the hijackings came off. I didn't have a glimmer who his partner was until yesterday, when Mitchell said that Dempsey had been responsible for pulling the guards off the truck. Dempsey had given me a different story, and that made me wonder."

"So instead of calling us in—"

"I couldn't, chief. I didn't know for sure that Dempsey was the man until I looked under that mask a minute ago. I had to get him to tip his hand. I let him see that I was going to keep after the hijackers until I ran them down, and it scared him. When I suggested a trap that was just plain foolishness, he saw a chance to get rid of me. He offered to drive the truck himself, and suggested Novack when I didn't bite on his first offer."

"Either way, one of them would stick up the truck, and the driver would shoot me in the back while I was occupied. I took Novack because I didn't think his nerve was as good as Dempsey's. Even so, I was getting badly squeaked when your siren came along and changed things. Who tipped you off?"

"Miss Carroll here."

"I was so afraid for you I couldn't think, Tom," Frances said miserably. "The police arrived half an hour after you left, and I couldn't stand it any longer. I made them bring me along so I'd know—"

Tom tightened his arm for a moment before he released her.

He walked around the wrecked coupe and examined the nose of the truck. The fender was crushed and one headlight was useless, but nothing else seemed to be damaged.

The police picked up Novack and Dempsey and hugged them toward the police car. The chief followed. Tom turned to Frances.

"Climb in the truck, honey," he said softly.

He put her aboard, then walked round the tail of the truck to the driver's seat. He swung into the cab. The motor roared as the big red truck ground away up the hill.

(Copyright)

Who says washday is a "PAIN IN THE NECK?"

WELL, I DO! SCRUBBING THE CLOTHES IS THE WORST JOB IN THE WEEK

BUT MY DEAR, IT'S SILLY TO SLAVE AWAY WITH OLD-FASHIONED BAR SOAPS THESE DAYS, WHEN RINSO CAN DO THE HARD WORK

DIDN'T I TELL YOU RINSO'S SUDS WERE RICHER, THICKER, SUDGIER?

IT'S AMAZING! NO WONDER YOU DON'T NEED TO SCRUB WITH THOSE!

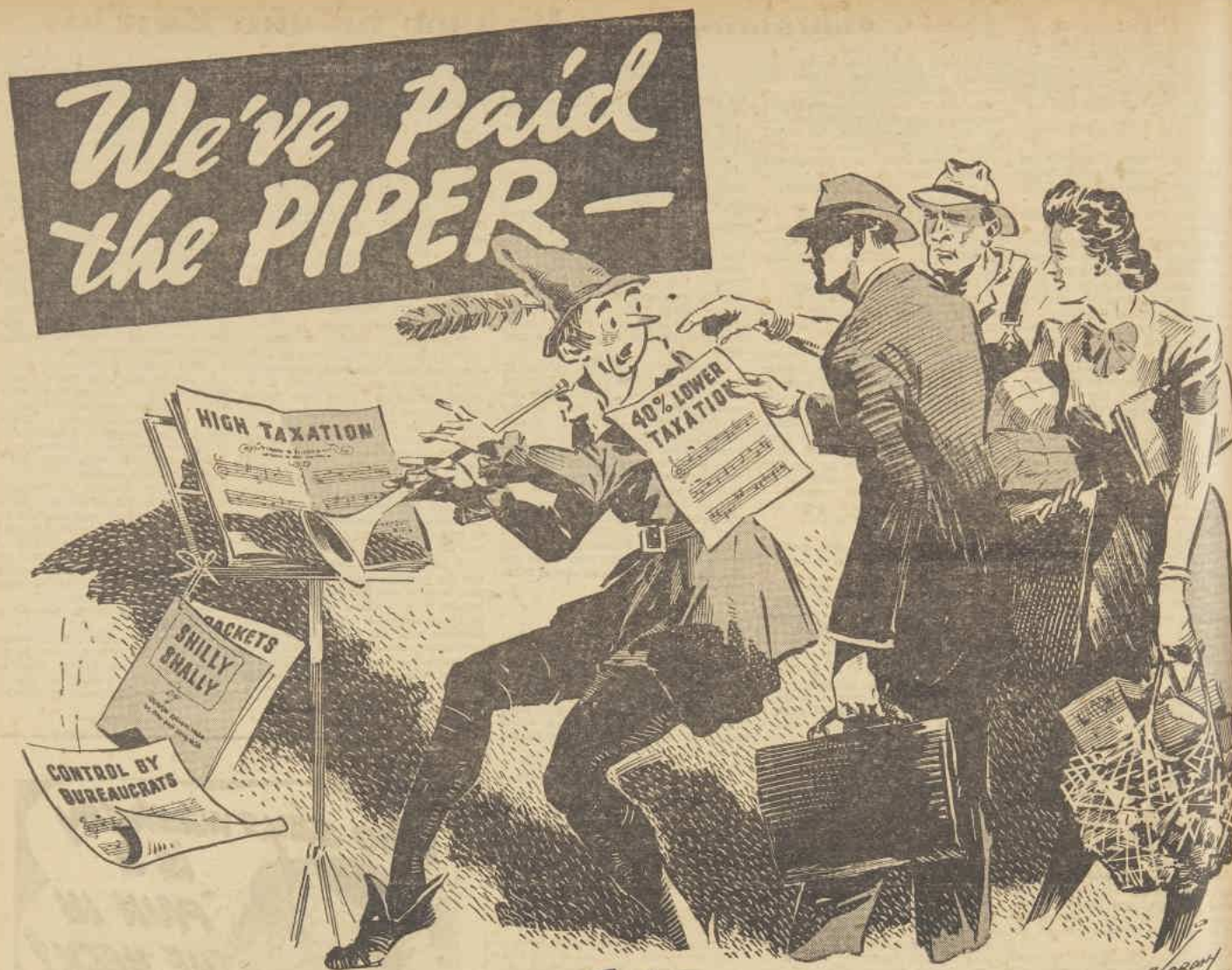
THE WHITES ARE SHADIER, COLOURS FRESHER THAN EVER BEFORE—YET WE'RE FINISHED FASTER

AND YOU'LL FIND CLOTHES LAST LONGER NOW YOU DON'T SCRUB THEM

RINSO

2-173-26

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff FOR THE CHILDREN by **TIM**



• • it's high time **WE** called the Tune!

We've had a sickening of harsh music — and we've paid through the nose for it. We have been taxed to the skies to pay for the extravagance, incompetence and dull complacency of a Labor Government that neither labors nor governs.

The tune we want is Lower Taxation—the musical ring of more money in our pay envelopes, more of our own earnings to use in our own way. The Liberal Party will give us a 40 per cent. cut in Income Tax, besides other overdue taxation reforms. The Liberal Party means sound, progressive administration.

The Way Back to Freedom is through
The **LIBERAL PARTY**
 OF AUSTRALIA

Authorised by The Federal Secretariat of THE LIBERAL PARTY OF AUSTRALIA

F

Continuing... I Should Come Home to This

from page 21

through the pile, Hal found himself smiling grudgingly at various of the wife's sallies. But his amusement passed abruptly when he came to an item which, in the light of a recent conversation with her, fairly made his hair stand on end. They read: "As Lorry Erskine put it, 'This is the age when a woman's hand rocks both the cradle and the ship of state.' Rumors persist that Lorry is herself an aspirant to a political career. Is this the woman she's deserted Hollywood for?" "H'm. Could be!" "Oh, no, it couldn't," thought Hal, "while I'm conscious."

The first impulse was to confront her with the clipping and threaten her with her committed, if need be, to renounce her mad plan. Second thought, however, he decided it might be wiser to proceed more subtly. But how?

The obvious solution to this problem came bounding into the room in the form of Miss B.

"What's Lorry's going to say?" she announced triumphantly. "He says it's a five-hour job, but he'll stick with it till it's finished, even if he has to miss his supper. Miss Erskine was just wonderful with him; he's calling out of her hand!"



"Sorry, madam, but there's a limit of one to a customer."

"You don't say!" Hal commented, when he went on casually: "How's your typing these days? Have you got rusty?"

"Me rusty? Well, hardly, Mr. Venner! When would I get a chance to get rusty?"

"The little woman keeps you busy, doesn't she?"

"I say! But it's all so interesting I don't mind. And it's not only interesting, it's educational."

"Educational?"

"You learn things," explained Miss B.

"Like what, for instance?"

"We'll like about caucuses and primaries and the referendum and the recount. Why, I never dreamed there was a person had to go through just to get a seat in a tiny little legislature, even. Did you?"

"He examined himself in the mirror. You know, I always thought there was something awfully corny about politics, but honestly they couldn't be more intriguing."

"Is that so?" said Hal.

"Uh-huh. But, of course, when you have a personal interest in something it makes a difference, I always say. Not that I listen to every single campaign speech, but believe me, if they were all like Miss Erskine's, I certainly would! You just wait till you read them."

"I'd like to," said Hal.

"Right now? Why, why not?"

"She opened the desk drawer and pulled out a pile of folders. 'Oh, by the way, what I came to tell you Miss Erskine said she was afraid she'd be longer than she thought, because she has to wait till the end of the rally before she—'

"Wait! What are you talking about?"

"Why, the one in Southern. The Women Voters are—"

"Wait! Lorry got to do with it?"

"Well, I was just telling you, Mr. Venner. Senator Redbank's going to speak and Mrs. O'Danahue—she's the head Woman Voter in Southern—she's donating the pickled beets for the boys' party to-night—and she was here this afternoon,

she said if Miss Erskine could come down to the rally, she was sure the Woman Voters would be only too glad—"

"No doubt! When is it? When's it start?"

"The rally? Why, I guess around five. You know, so as to catch the people from the shoe factory on their way—"

"Quiet! Let me think!" yelled Hal. He added, after a moment, "There must be a car round here some place. Where is it?"

"Well, furthermore, Mr. Venner! What on earth—"

"You heard me, Miss B. I want a car!"

"But—but they're both out," she twittered. "Miss Erskine took the station wagon, and that just left the small car for Miss Mallory, and there are nine girls coming on the—"

"Don't just stand there! Call me a taxi!"

"Well, I will if you want me to, Mr. Venner, but you'll have to wait quite a while. Because the driver's gone to meet the five-eight bus. I sent him myself. You can't get nine girls in one little car, so I—"

Hal wasn't listening. He strode over to the window. And there in full view, alone and unprotected and beautiful to behold, stood a shiny red truck—Mr. Loosbrook's truck. Hal snapped his fingers. "Keep 'em plumping, Miss B.," he exhorted her, and nipped out of the room.

Seconds later there was the roar of a motor, and Miss B. tottered to the window barely in time to catch a glimpse of the truck's tailboard as it careered round the bend in a clatter of gravel.

She was still peering out numbly when the telephone rang. It was Lorry. "Let me speak to Hal, please, Miss B."

"Oh, Miss Erskine!" wailed Miss B. "The most terrible thing! I think Mr. Venner's gone crazy!"

"Oh, well," said Lorry. "I'll talk to him anyway. Put him on the line, Miss B."

"But I can't! He's run off with Mr. Loosbrook's truck!"

"He's run off with what?"

"Mr. Loosbrook's truck. Honestly, Miss Erskine, I don't know what came over him. We were just standing talking, and I told him about the serial, and how at first I thought it was going to be corny because it had politics in it. But I said I was wrong, you'd even written in some campaign speeches that held a person's interest. And he said he'd like to read them, and I was just getting them out when I remembered I'd forgotten to tell him you had to go to the rally. And when I did, he started to behave like a wild man! No kidding!"

"I don't— Did he say where he was going?"

"Why, no. He just said he had to have a car right away. And, honestly, Miss Erskine, you never heard such language. I—"

"Well, if he comes back, tell him I'm on my way home. I'll be right out."

Miss B. had scarcely replaced the receiver when the telephone rang again. "Southton two-three-three?" said an excited voice.

"Why, yes," said Miss B.

"Is Mr. Loosbrook there?"

"He's in the basement," said Miss B. "Just a minute, Til—"

"Whoa, there! Hang on! Tell him to get right over to the Wilkeses—the J. W. Wilkeses, on Mallard Road. There's a fire in the kitchen."

"Well, for heaven's sake," squeaked Miss B. "Why, they're practically neighbors!"

Dropping the telephone, she sprinted to the basement.

"Yoo-hoo, Mr. Loosbrook!" she called, flinging open the door. "The Mallard Road Wilkeses are on fire!"

There was a clang as Mr. Loosbrook dropped his wrench, and a thunderous tramping as he charged up the basement steps. "Mallard Road Wilkeses?" he said. "Good enough, that's right near by. And with Miss B. hard on his heels, he tore on out to the drive. Then: "Where's my truck?" cried Mr. Loosbrook.

"Why, it's gone," said Miss B. "Mr. Venner took it." She stared at him blankly a moment, then the glazed look left her eyes. "Oh, silly me!" she gurgled. "I thought he was crazy. It never even occurred to me he smelled smoke!"

The Loosbrook reputation for efficiency was such that Mrs. Wilkes was not too surprised when his truck came dashing into the barnyard almost as she hung up the receiver after turning in the alarm. It did surprise her to find a strange naval officer at the helm, but the next few minutes were too crammed with activity for questions; and, after that, relief and gratitude and the craving to tell her own story overwhelmed—temporarily, at least—her curiosity.

"Five minutes more and the whole place would have went up," she kept repeating excitedly. "But even panicky as I was, I had sense enough left to send Sonny running out to the road—thought maybe somebody'd go by in a car with an extingisher—but, my stars, it just seemed too good to be true when I saw Mr. Loosbrook's own truck turning in!"

She had quite an audience for her recital, since Sonny, even after the arrival of the Southern fire engine, continued flagging cars with unabated zeal. Among them was the Marshmallow Hill station wagon, so it was Lorry who identified Mrs. Wilkes' savior for her when, slightly charred around the edges, but still recognisable, he emerged from the house.

"This is my husband, Mrs. Wilkes," she said.

"Well, is that a fact!" marvelled Mrs. Wilkes. "Well, how do you do, Mr.—uh—Captain Erskine. I just can't tell you how—"

"Commander Venner," corrected Lorry hastily. "He kept his maiden name when we were married."

"Oh, he did? Well, anyway, I just can't tell you how—Well, look who's here!" she exclaimed as another car turned in with a gentleman in overalls clinging to the running-board. "No hurry, Mr. Loosbrook! It's all out!"

Not until he had satisfied himself that this was indeed the case did Mr. Loosbrook come up to Hal. "Well, young fella," he said, "durned if I didn't think that lady up to the Hill was a yarn to me, but seein's be- lievin'. Yes, sir, I sure wish I had a nose like yours!"

"Why, thanks," Hal managed to say at last. "But I—"

"Come on, darling," Lorry cut in, taking him firmly by the arm. "You'll catch cold standing round in those wet things."

"You're certainly a fast worker," she observed when they were in the station wagon and headed back up the road. "Here it's only your first day of leave and already you're the town hero."

Hal grinned. "The rally over?" he said curiously.

"It hadn't started when I left," said Lorry. "I'll have to go back after I drop you—or else Miss Mallory, if she's home."

"You— Send Miss Mallory?"

"For the loud-speaker and stuff. We couldn't get the phonograph-amplifier fixed in time for the dance, so Mrs. O'Danahue's letting us use the equipment her organization hired for the rally... Did you say something?"

"No," said Hal.

"Mrs. O'Danahue's quite a dame," Lorry went on smoothly. "She's been a party wheelhorse for years, and what she doesn't know about practical politics you can put in your eye. When I told her I was doing

this serial about a political career girl, she came up with a whole batch of dope that—"

"She broke off abruptly. "Bother it! I didn't mean to go into that!"

"Go into what? And what's this about a serial?"

"Well," she said reluctantly, "I'm writing one. I've been trying to figure out how to break it to you."

"Break it to me? What do you mean, break it to me? Since when's it a crime to write a serial?"

"When you've got a husband home on leave," said Lorry somberly. "There's a little matter of a deadline. Catch on? And either I make it or I'm out fifteen grand." She braked to a stop before the house.

"That's easy," said Hal. "We must simply collaborate."

"No, that's out! Thanks very much, but I'm certainly not going to ask you to spend your whole leave—"

"Whole leave nothing! We'll saw off this epic together in a week. And you're not asking me; I'm telling you." He grinned. "So stow no more, baby. Pop's home."

As they started toward the house, Miss B. came flying out the door. "I certainly owe you an apology, Mr. Venner," she said breathlessly. "I told Miss Erskine you were crazy. I just couldn't understand what possessed you to run off with Mr. Loosbrook's truck!"

Hal looked sideways at Lorry. "Well," he said, "I guess that'll teach you not to jump at conclusions, Miss B." And then, as a thought struck him, "By the way, Lorry, you haven't told me how you happened to be at the fire?"

"Why, I smelled smoke," she said

(Copyright)

WHY IS YOUR DRESS SO MUCH WHITER THAN MY SHIRT?

It's PERSIL WHITE

Yes! PERSIL gives the whitest wash. Just compare Persil whiteness with the whiteness you get from the best of ordinary washers! The difference will amaze you. The reason is that Persil's suds are charged with oxygen—so they're extra active, extra cleansing. Gently they wash away every trace of dirt—not some of it... not most of it... but ALL OF IT. Persil washes whiter because it washes cleaner. When you see Persil whiteness you'll wonder why you were ever satisfied with anything else.

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

Persil

USE PERSIL ALONE FOR BEST RESULTS

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

P.324.19

Film fans make odd requests for souvenirs

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

An industry within an industry is the fanmail department of the studios, where thousands of letters daily pour in for stars from the farthest corners of the world.

Besides letters requesting photographs and praising the stars' performances, many odd requests are received.

RITA HAYWORTH, Columbia star, showed me a note requesting her elbow prints, "as I am a sculptor and would like to sculpt your arms, and thus need your elbow prints. Please send them at once," said the letter.

Other odd pleas received lately include one for Dana Andrews' whiskers. "Next time you shave, please put your whiskers in an envelope and mail them to me," says a girl fan from the Middle West.

Lana Turner got a poetic note from a self-styled genius who is publishing a book of poetry and wanted "one blonde hair from your exquisite head to enclose with each copy I sell." Lana refused regretfully on the basis that she would be baldheaded if she obliged.

Edward G. Robinson was asked to send the ice-pick with which he murdered Joan Bennett in the film "Scarlet Street" to an eager youngster in Chicago.

Studio fanmail departments maintain a competent staff to open all mail and to forward the most interesting letters to the stars.

Verlee Grosse, dark-haired and sympathetic, is head of Universal's fanmail department. People are writing to the stars and seldom realize the terrific amount of mail that each star receives. For instance, Deanna Durbin gets 25,000 letters monthly, which she finds impossible to answer. She gets many letters from Australia and all parts of the Empire. Deanna reads them with great interest, and has one fan who has written daily for over three years.

Many people write letters of advice to stars who portray characters, advising them to reform their ways. Warners say that Humphrey Bogart gets gifts of Bibles and sermons from ministers who wish to help him reform his screen ways.

Ray Milland, since playing the drunk in "Lost Weekend," gets pleas from fans to join Alcoholics Anonymous, and also letters saying how they conquered drinking habits.

Stars receive thousands of presents from fans when they marry, have babies, or for their anniversaries. All valuable gifts are re-

Many inquiries for "Smithy" photo

HUNDREDS of requests have already been received by Columbia Pictures for the free colored picture of Ron Randall, star of "Smithy," which appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly on December 22, 1945.

The picture is mounted on heavy paper and measures 9in. by 12in.

Applications must be addressed to "Smithy," Columbia Pictures, Box 3342PP, Sydney.

turned and only sentimental ones are kept.

For instance, Betty Grable got a diamond from an admirer when she married Harry James, but it was promptly returned.

Often friendships start between unknown admirers and stars. Dane Clark told me that he and a Sydney man exchange mystery novels. Dane is learning much about Australia through his correspondence.



EDDIE BRACKEN (left), star of Paramount's forthcoming "Out of This World," takes his eldest daughter, Carolyn Jean, to visit Bob Hope in his dressing-room on the set of Paramount's "Monsieur Beaucaire," the period film, which accounts for Bob's frilled shirt.

Actor James Mason is designer for London firm

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

JAMES MASON'S fans will have the chance to acquire a more intimate souvenir of him than an autograph. Jimmie walked into a West End store of Aschers, whose materials by designer Matilda Etches are now being displayed in Australia, and said abruptly, "I want to design textiles." And they found that he really could design them.

The result is a new Ascher scarf bearing Mason's clever caricatures of film personalities, including Noel Coward, Margaret Lockwood, Stewart Granger, Phyllis Calvert, and a not very flattering, but life-like, one of himself.

WHAT looks like being one of England's biggest films is now in preparation at Ealing, where they plan to make another Dickens film for Britain. It is "Nicholas Nickleby," with a big star cast, including Tom Walls, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Fay Compton, Alfred Drayton, and Cyril Fletcher.

The coveted title role goes to Grenadier Guards Captain Derek Bond, who became Mr. Bond this week and has a Military Cross and memories of a Nazi prison camp as his war souvenirs. He has just finished filming in "The Captive Heart," and Ealing claims him as another heart-throb for England's bobby-soxers.

ALL three of the West End stage actresses—Mega Jenkins, Judy Campbell, Rosamund John—who have been enrolled for "Green for Danger" have become mothers in the last six months. And this is a hospital thriller in which all three play nurses.

When I asked dark-haired, black-eyed Judy what her baby looked like, she laughed and said, "Well, except that he has golden hair and blue eyes, he is the spitting image of me."

Pump Mega Jenkins, who is renowned in the theatre for her character roles, describes herself as a "sort of female Charles Laughton."

The fourth nurse, glamorous Sally Gray, is the only one who is not married and the only one not suspected of the murder.

EVERY day there is a murder or robbery or shooting or violence of some sort at Nation Studios, where crime star William Hartnell is having the time of his life shooting up his rivals in a film of London's underworld.

All of the acting world hates a scene stealer. But Billy loves them. He says, "I like working on the set with a notorious scene stealer because he puts me on my mettle and gives me a tussle for it. It improves my work."

ROMANTIC-LOOKING Doreen Farr had a rough trip to Rome to join French star Maria Labor on location. He was involved in an earthquake in Switzerland.

THE colorful locale of Tehran, Persia, has been transplanted to Rome for John Stafford's film, "Teheran."

Other big stars migrating to Rome for the film in this story of the "Big Three" planning to destroy Nazism, against a background of spying and intrigue, are Sebastian Cabot, Pamela Stirling, and Manning White.

A FURTIVE camera crew has pushed off from England's shores on a long trip to sugar Tobago Island, West Indies, to shoot location shots for the super-sens "Piccadilly Incident."

Still throwing out red herrings to anybody who wants to know what this film is all about, spectacle Herbert Wilcox has returned with his wife, Anna Neagle, from Ireland. As in their "I Live in Grosvenor Square," Anna will have at least one leading man from Hollywood.

ALL the pomp and glory of the Vatican greets the eyes of visitors to the set of "The Magic Box." In Gainsborough's "Borghese Room," a magnificent replica has been built by the studio craftsmen, and they are filming for the first time in history a Papal Assembly in a scene which is essential in the script of the life of the violinist Paganini played by Stewart Granger.

Film Reviews

★★ IT'S A PLEASURE

FOR Sonja Henie's first technicolor film the brilliant little skater has a story which staggers along like a beginner on ice. Released by RKO, it will be acceptable though, because Sonja's grace set amid lavish settings more than makes up for the triteness of the plot. And watch for Marie (The Body) McDonald as a redhead menace. She is worth seeing from anybody's point of view.

The story deals with Sonja's marriage to a worthless, hot-headed ice hockey player (Michael O'Shea). The usual misunderstandings and separations follow, till Sonja has become a great star and O'Shea has reformed his ways and got a steady job.

An interesting feature of the film is that Sonja appears in a dance sequence (without skates) with Don Loper and she proves to have better than usual ability. Her skating scenes are as always a breath-taking delight.—Regent; showing.

★★ CORNERED

CROONER Dick Powell pops up again in another rough, tough role for RKO and he makes a good fist of it, too. The plot is a thriller with Powell as a Canadian flier who goes on a postwar chase of a French collaborator who was responsible for the death of Powell's French wife.

Taking it from there, the chase becomes more and more involved when Powell is told that his quarry is dead, but refuses to believe the report and travels through Europe to the Argentine, where he finds a horde of pro-Nazis waiting for a chance to rise again.

An excellent surprise ending will please audiences and Powell's grand support from Walter Catlett and feminine newcomers Michelle Cherrel and Nina Vale.

This yarn is one of the really good spine-chillers and marks Powell as a fine prospect for future dramatic roles.—Plaza; showing.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

It'll open your eyes

when you find out what tests have proved



Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

SEE if you don't find new brightness in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium, the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film... boats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... in just one week they look far brighter.



For the safety of your smile—use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

PS.2.20

Australia's Gary Cooper

Signed by British studio

★ Lean Australian actor Chips Rafferty has been placed under exclusive contract by Ealing Film Studios of Britain.

Chips won this British honor by his performance as the drover Dan McAlpine in "The Overlanders," which director Harry Watt filmed for Ealing in Australia last year.

The actor himself describes the role of Dan as "straight-out character, without any clowning."

The head of Ealing, Mr. Michael Balcon, saw the rough cut of "The Overlanders" as soon as it arrived in London by plane with director Harry Watt.

He was so impressed with Rafferty's work that he immediately opened cable negotiations with the actor.

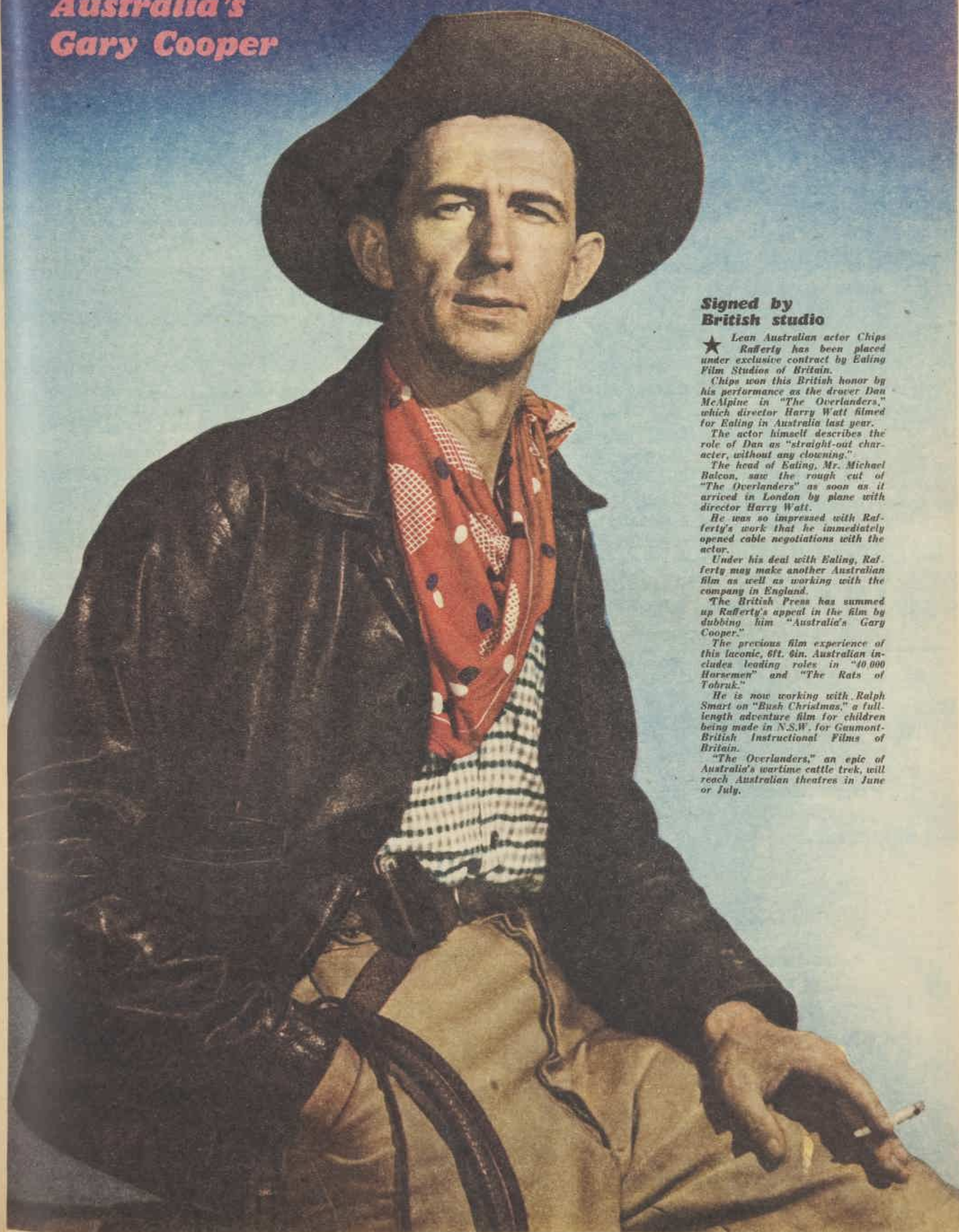
Under his deal with Ealing, Rafferty may make another Australian film as well as working with the company in England.

The British Press has summed up Rafferty's appeal in the film by dubbing him "Australia's Gary Cooper."

The previous film experience of this laconic, 6ft. 6in. Australian includes leading roles in "40,000 Horsemen" and "The Rats of Tobruk."

He is now working with Ralph Smart on "Bush Christmas," a full-length adventure film for children being made in N.S.W. for Gaumont-British Instructional Films of Britain.

"The Overlanders," an epic of Australia's wartime cattle trek, will reach Australian theatres in June or July.





*Oh to be in
Black Lance
Now that autumn's
here!*

Black Lance fashions garments in wool from their world wide designing service.

If you succeed in buying any of the limited supply you will possess the finest woollen fashion garments money can buy.

BLACK LANCE

Who could
argue
against...

the charm
of a
NYLEX smile

Nylex is the smile that defeats an argument any time—even wins over husbands who object to the price of new hats. Dazzling white and sparkling bright... give yourself a Nylex smile by regular after-meal use of a Nylex nylon-tuft toothbrush. It's water-proof and "anti-soggy", and shaped to clean your teeth in every crevice. When you need a toothbrush... ask your chemist for NYLEX.

1/7 NYLEX NYLON TUFT TOOTHBRUSH

NY/128

A product of The National Brush Co. (Aust.) Ltd., Sydney.

Blood on the Sun... spy drama



1 TOKIO EDITOR Nick Condon (Cagney) is arrested by Japs after publishing secret plan of Jap war aims for the future.



2 AFTER questioning, Nick finds his friend Miller (Ford), mortally wounded by police, but Miller gives Nick the secret document.



3 IN A BAR Nick meets Iris Hilliard (Sidney), Eurasian secret agent. He suspects her of working for Japs, but they fall in love.



4 HOME AGAIN, Nick looks behind the Emperor's portrait, where he had hidden the war plan, and finds it has been stolen. He determines to recover it soon.



5 NICK, in a waterfront hovel, finally receives the plan from anti-militant Prince Tatsugi, and he arranges for Iris to smuggle it out of the country by freighter.

Jap intrigue exposed in film of Orient

BASED on the historical fact of Japan's secret plan for the conquest of Manchukuo, United Artists star James Cagney in an exciting drama of spies and Jap secret police.

As the American newspaper man in Tokio, James Cagney has a typical tough guy role.

The film also is notable for the return after five years of beautiful Sylvia Sidney as a Eurasian spy. Sylvia settled in New Jersey after her marriage, but the delicate health of her small son Jody made her return to Hollywood.



6 NOW WORKING TOGETHER, Nick and Iris hope to show the world Japan's plan for conquest, but Nick is arrested again, and Iris is just able to escape alone.

KEEP HIM FREE from FLEAS
WITH **MORTEIN**
INSECT POWDER
When you're on a good thing—STICK TO IT!

KEEP FIT and SLIM
Junipah Mineral Spring Salts is a highly efficient and gentle laxative that contains the precious oil of Juniper to cleanse and strengthen the system, relieve kidney disorders, and keep you fit and slim. Get a jar of 2 1/2 lb. JUNIPAH Mineral Spring Salts today.
JUNIPAH
MINERAL SPRING SALTS

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥
Staisweet
protects you against all risk of offending
Staisweet
gives you confidence and natural charm
Staisweet
The Deodorant Cream You can trust!
♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥



MARY
HORDERN'S
PAGE

THE new way to look is pretty, more feminine. These sketches illustrate outstanding changes in line. Hats are small, tambourine shapes sitting straight on the head or slanting front or back, tied on with veils, often trimmed with one high shooting feather.

Shoulders are roundly padded, necklines frankly moulding the bust, draped or waist-length. Skirts are frilly, more elegant, or straight—keeping your line slender and neat. Nothing silly or overdressed.

There is much play with sequins. Exquisite embroideries follow the pattern in colored prints, are used on collars, or as in the sketch at left on this paillette-embroidered evening skirt.

Bulk at hipline trims sheathlike frock. Hips are news. They are even padding hips in America to achieve the exaggerated hipline which, by contrast, makes the waist look small and more feminine.

Spice colors as demonstrated—cinnamon, curry, saffron, coffee-bean. All shades of brown and black. Burnt-sienna and black are smart.

For evening, colors are rich, vivid. Brilliant satins are of acid-green, cerise, violet. Dog collar jewellery is much worn, and bracelets and large earrings with upswept hair.

STOP BACK ACHE Rheumatic ills!



Day and night your kidneys fight to quit your system of the harmful acids, germs and poisons that increasingly attack your health and lower your resistance. When the kidneys fail, rheumatic aches and pains, stiff or swollen joints, and backaches often start. Soon you feel "Pit for nothing" - old, years too soon. But there is a reliable shield. Harrison's Pills help the kidneys and the vital organs in an amazingly effective way, bringing quick relief to sufferers. Give this unique doctor's prescription a trial TODAY. Harrison's Pills are sold by all good chemists, 2/1, 3/2 and 5/3. If, however, you have any difficulty, write direct to Amalgamated Laboratories, 170 Clarence St., Sydney.

HARRISON'S PILLS

2184-4336

Try for good looks rather than beauty

There is not the slightest doubt that any woman can achieve the "look" her soul desires if she strives for it. Carolyn Earle, now in charge of The Australian Women's Weekly beauty department, says this after 15 months' intensive study of beauty culture in America.

By CAROLYN EARLE

I HAVE just returned from a long and very interesting tour of the United States of America, where it was my happy assignment to make an intensive study for The Australian Women's Weekly of a subject dear to all truly feminine hearts—the latest developments and techniques in the beauty field.

Travelling back and forth from the State of New York to California and stopping over in all the main in-between centres, I visited and inspected all those fabulous houses whose names and luxurious salons are world-renowned and whose cosmetics play such a tremen-

dous part in the day-by-day life of millions of American women.

I've listened to lectures by experts, and attended schools and colleges east and west.

In Hollywood, which deserves special mention if only on the score of its reputation as the home of glamor with a capital "G," I spent several months making a special study of make-up and loved every minute of it.

There is no doubt that this rather unbelievable little movie world has a terrific influence upon women the world over in matters of beauty, style, and fashion.

Contrary to the general conception, few of our film favorites are really beautiful women in the accepted sense, but they do achieve quite wonderful results by adopting a sound basis upon which they proceed to build with discretion and often great skill.

That basis is there for all who care to take advantage—health (which includes a sensible diet and exercise), cleanliness, careful grooming, and applied knowledge in exploiting those things.

It is a fact that the majority of American girls have good bone structure, resulting from a mixture of racial strains; they also have the best in cosmetics with which to work; but, over and above all that, every woman, irrespective of whether she's a secretary, an executive, or a butterfly, is intensely interested in making the most of her looks, learning to do everything possible to improve or, if necessary, camouflage.

The field is superbly equipped to cope with her every possible need, too. You will find any number of schools and organized classes of instruction by experts available throughout the country, and these are patronised very freely.

To-day it's a combination of brains and beauty working in close harmony.

I would like to stress the fact that I don't particularly like the word "beauty" for everyday use. I think "good looks" is a so-much-better term I suggest using it from here on.

After all, few of us have the perfection of line and feature envisaged by the former term, but most women do have at least one good feature around which to build up illusion. Analyse yourself from head to toe; be honest now. List the points you like and those you don't.

If you haven't pretty hair, have you attractive eyes, skin, or teeth? If you think your hands and feet a bit large, is your figure trim?

Just supposing you haven't the exact figure you would like, do you know what dress lines and colors would improve it?

And your voice can be so important—are you speaking correctly in a low, pleasant tone?

There is not the slightest doubt that any woman can achieve just the "look" her soul desires. She can achieve smoothly shining hair, uncluttered make-up, a trim waist-line and hips, graceful legs and neat feet, but she can't be lazy, even for a little while. It's a day-in and day-out job.

Good grooming is so important in the good-looks stakes. Be fussy about frequent soapy baths, use a good toilet water or perfume, and especially in the hot weather the deodorant you like best. Wash hair brushes whenever your hair is



THIS PORTRAIT of Carolyn Earle (Miss Maisie McMahon) was taken by Ned Scott at the Columbia Studios, Hollywood, just before she returned to Australia after spending 15 months in America making an intensive study of beauty culture for the benefit of The Australian Women's Weekly readers.

washed, and between times, too. Brush your hair a lot for cleanliness and shine—and, believe me, I know, it really is good for that permanent.

Be brushed, polished, sleek from daily care, and you will find that poise, charm, and serenity will be natural followers-on.

All of which sounds like a lot of work and effort. It most decidedly is, but you'll have loads of fun as well. And I am sure nothing makes a woman quite so happy and elated as the honest knowledge that, through her own effort, she has earned the chance-heard remark, "There goes a good-looking girl!"—a truly comforting thought when one remembers the very unhappy lot of most raving beauties made famous by history.

Next week we'll get down to practical details.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

AM told you can remove that shine from your serge suit by rubbing with hot vinegar and then sponging with ammonia.

TRY picking up bits of broken glass with a piece of fresh bread rolled into a ball. You'll find this easier than with a damp cloth.

TO remove that ugly stain in the sink caused by a dripping tap try using a mixture of powdered chalk and a little household ammonia applied with a brush.

DON'T call the plumber if your drain gets clogged up—try this method first: Put a large handful of soda down the drain and pour on top of it half a glass of vinegar.

ARE you at a loss to know what to do with those odd pieces of velvet? Then wash them and use for polishing. They are an excellent substitute for chamois.

THE best thing with which to scrape the bottom of a pot is a wooden clothes-peg or a wooden spoon. They will not damage the pot, and will also minimise noise.

DON'T throw away odd pieces of soap—it's wasteful. Melt together in a saucepan with a little water to bind, and then turn out and pat hot soap mixture into size of cake required.



Slay Just as Sweet After You Dress

CHANGE TO THE NEW
QUICK ODO-RO-NO
CREAM DEODORANT

Don't risk losing the feminine daintiness that is yours naturally. Your prettiest dress can ruin it by catching and holding perspiration odour.

Stop this threat before you dress with Cream Odorono, new fast-acting long-lasting cream deodorant. Doesn't irritate skin (even after shaving). Prevents perspiration stains, does not harm fine fabrics. Does not turn gritty in the jar.



ODO-RO-NO
CREAM DEODORANT

The World's Greatest MENDER

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK



TARZAN'S GRIP

MENDS AND FIXES EVERYTHING

Tarzan's Grip not only has a greater variety of uses than glue, gum, cements and solders but it also effectively sticks together many materials of different nature. It resists moisture, acids, alkalies and extreme heat. Get some NOW—something may break to-day.

There's no substitute for
'Plasticine'

The original modelling material
made by HARBUTT'S

Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull or loose—if he is itchy or won't eat—give him BARKO Condition Powder. Scratching it often keeps off lice, ticks and fleas. BARKO Condition Powder is sold by BARKO & CO. 1/4 ALL CHEMISTS. Lotion to be used with.

EVAN WILLIAMS shampoo keeps the hair young. New Energy.... New Health THAT WINS ADMIRATION

Mineral concentrates in BIDOMAK create new, rich, red blood cells, build nerve, run-down men and women into fit, vigorous personalities. Make this 14 days, no-risk test and prove it for yourself.

Don't you envy those bright people who are always popular and full of vitality? If you feel you are slipping in social life and at work, if fatigue and listlessness, lack of confidence and pep, are holding you back, BIDOMAK is guaranteed to build you up. New powerful energy, new sparkling health, are within your grasp.

BLOOD STARVED FOR MINERALS

Your blood stream, as you know, is one of your most important organs. It brings nourishment and life-giving oxygen to the tissues, contains chemical substances vital to every organ, cell, nerve, bone and tissue in your body.

A mineral deficiency in the blood is a basic cause of many ills, including that group of disorders which we call "nerve troubles": weakness, lamitude, jumpiness, irritability,

"depressed feeling," brain fog, inability to concentrate, some common forms of headache and stomach troubles.

NATURAL WAY TO HEALTH

When you get enough of these minerals, the results of mineral deficiency disappear and you regain health as a natural consequence. The scientist who perfected BIDOMAK combined in it the glycerophosphates and phosphates of iron, calcium, sodium, and potassium. Then he added catalytic copper and manganese salts in an approved form. These additional minerals speed up the activity of the others and make them easier still to assimilate.

QUICK IMPROVEMENT

BIDOMAK makes you feel fitter and brighter quickly. Aches and pains leave you. You no longer feel depressed and irritable. Sleep comes naturally and you wake refreshed.

DOES A WORLD OF GOOD WHEN RUN DOWN

"I have taken BIDOMAK since you first placed it on the market, whenever I have been run down, and it has always done me a world of good."
(Sgd.) (Miss) Elizabeth Callaghan.

NO RISK TEST

Try pleasant - to - take BIDOMAK for 14 days—unless you feel stronger, and show a general all-round improvement, the trial is absolutely free and your money is refunded on return of the nearly empty bottle to the Douglas Drug Co., Choulture St., Sydney. Get guaranteed BIDOMAK today.

3%
BIDOMAK

FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT "DEPRESSED" FEELING

THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY

Bidomak

FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT "DEPRESSED" FEELING

MAKE THIS TEST TONIGHT



Examine your figure honestly! Are your measurements everything you desire, or are defects spoiling an otherwise attractive contour?

No matter what your present measurements or age may be, I can and will help you.

First thing to do is fill in your present measurements on the above chart. State your age, height, name and address and by return I will forward my fascinating booklet on figure beauty together with your personal ideal measurements. Send 4d. in stamps to cover postage and fill in diagram now!

Remember—AGE is no bar to figure beauty!

T. A. LANGRIDGE
278 George St., Sydney, N.S.W.

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pain in Back, Nervousness, Dropsy, Swelling under Eyes, Leg Pains, Headache and Stomach, Puffy Ankles, or even flat, etc. you should know that your kidneys are poisoning your system. Ordinary medicine can't help much and you must stop the trouble by removing the cause with **Cystex** which starts benefit in 2 hours and cures in genuine terms. No doubt—by the Cystex the doctors' prescriptions—used by doctors and chemists in 72 hours and over 10,000 people have written to say how relieved they are to have had the right medicine for their troubles.

Doctors Sufferers Praise This Medicine

Mr. B.T. Townville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pain, my back ached, I had headaches and a general feeling of weakness. The first dose of **Cystex** helped me to sleep. I finished three boxes and my health was restored."

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

1. It is a health-destroying, deadly poison. It kills the germ which attacks kidneys, bladder and urinary system. It helps nature to strengthen and re-energize and protects against further attack.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Try **Cystex** from your chemist to-day. It is a guarantee. **Cystex** is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, and in every way, of your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! Write to me—4/-, N.S.W.

This is a **GUARANTEED Cystex** Treatment for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

Pimples Go Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of **Nixoderm** kills the way pimples. Use **Nixoderm** every night and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth and clear. **Nixoderm** is a new discovery that kills pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, eczema, and eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germ that hides in the tiny pores of your skin. Get **Nixoderm** from your chemist or store to-day under the positive guarantee that **Nixoderm** will kill pimples and clear your skin soft and smooth. Money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/- for Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.



DAISIES are demure, and you will look young and charming with a wreath of them at the back of your head. You can buy a bunch or pick them fresh from the garden and make the spray by pushing each stem separately through a piece of wide ribbon. Brush your hair till it gleams, just curl the ends under naturally, and pin the daisy chain firmly at each side of your head.



IF YOU HAVE a queenly personality, this is a regal and commanding style for you! You want rather thick hair which will roll easily, because it is parted in the middle from front to back and swept up at the sides. Back comb for extra thickness. The outside flower is made from two chrysanthemums pushed together and fixed to your coil with a grip. This style, by the way, suits the rounded face.



DO YOU WANT to be glamorous for a special party? Then arrange your hair this way: Take the back hair in one hand, twist it and pin the ends on top. Pull in the hair from the sides to the centre and pin down the "pigtail" you have formed. Fix tendrils of green garden ivy up the back—they look delicate and unusual and soften the sophisticated line of this coiffure.



The Way to Health

Constipation can make you feel tired, jaded, out-of-sorts. Keep free from constipation with **Nyal Figen**—the gentle, natural laxative. Chew one or two pleasant-tasting Figen tablets to-night before going to bed. In the morning Figen acts gently yet thoroughly without pain or discomfort. **Nyal Figen** is sold by chemists everywhere—24 tablets—1/3.

Nyal Figen
THE GENTLE LAXATIVE



THE SPOTLIGHT'S ON YOUR HAIR

Don't let dandruff spoil your "Crowning Glory."

Finger-tip massage with **Bony's Tri-coph-erous** helps prevent dandruff, falling hair, premature greyness, brittle hair and itching scalp.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous
FAMOUS HAIR TONIC
Sold by all Chemists & Stores

HEADED for GLAMOR

Flowers still go to the head for evening charm; so do ivy tendrils as shown in the picture top right. Choose the style to suit your personality, your mood, and the hour.



YOU NEED a longish or oval face, like Vivian Blain, 20th Century-Fox player, pictured at right, to carry off this striking style. The hair is almost straight, curled under in a pageboy, and the two sprays are fixed where the combs hold the side hair back or can be attached to skull cap of glittering jet sequins.

Best... a good tonic for the heart

By MEDICO

MRS. WINTROP had been finding herself short of breath when she came up her back steps. She had a tickling cough which the ordinary cough mixture had not eased.

"Do you think it could be my heart?" she asked.

I examined her heart and lungs, took her blood pressure, and looked for swelling round the ankles.

"Your heart is not as young as it was, but with care it is good for many years to come," I assured her. "But you'll have to live within your heart's limits."

"Will I have to go to bed for a while?" asked Mrs. Wintrop.

"We have recognised your heart weakness at an early stage, and if you can take more rest you will be able to cope with your condition."

"But I must get up at 6.30 to get my daughter off to work," protested Mrs. Wintrop.

"Your daughter must get her own breakfast in future. You must stay in bed another hour in the morning and get to bed an hour earlier at night."

"Couldn't I have a rest in the afternoon?" she inquired.

"You'll need that as well."

"Your family will have to share the effects of your heart weakness, and you will have to learn even to neglect some of your household duties in the interests of your health."

"You must plan your work so that you live within the definite limits of your heart's ability to do its job. And that includes the dodging of the back steps."

"I can go round the front way, the slope is easier."

as digitalis which would help you a lot, but there are two reasons why I don't think it is wise to give it to you at this stage:

"Firstly it is a medicine which should only be given while you are in hospital under continual observation, and you are not bad enough for that."

"Secondly, no medicine can replace the necessity for rest."

"I'll keep a fatherly eye on you, and I expect to keep you on the job for a long time to come."

"If you rest those three extra hours a day you won't need to go to bed and your heart will be able to cope with the limited activities which are so vital to your family's welfare and happiness."

"Yes, there is a medicine known

Help for inland mothers

By SISTER MARY JACOB

THOSE of you who live in our sparsely populated inland districts have many problems to face in the rearing of families.

Great distances and difficulties of transport make the problem of obtaining ample supplies of the "protective" fresh foods a very acute one.

Substitutes have often to be found.

"The water supply is often unsatisfactory, and, of course, children need more fluid in dry, inland climates."

Eye troubles, too, are more common owing to dust and glare.

It needs strong, stout hearts and much ingenuity to solve food and minor health problems.

A leaflet giving helpful hints can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Send stamped, addressed envelope for a copy.

Asthma, Bronchitis Coughing Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is now hope for you in a doctor's prescription called **Mendaco**. No doses, no smokes, no injections, no atomiser. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals, and in 3 minutes **Mendaco** starts working through your blood, aiding nature to remove phlegm, promote free easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

NO ASTHMA IN 2 YEARS

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing, but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing every night, couldn't sleep. **Mendaco**

stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The very first dose of **Mendaco** goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try **Mendaco** under an iron-clad money-back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking **Mendaco**, just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get **Mendaco** from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel to-morrow. The guarantee protects you.

RELIEVES ASTHMA
Mendaco
Now in 2 sizes . . . 6/- and 12/-

from the GARDEN PATCH



To discover the way to cook vegetables so that they attain a tender, crisp perfection, retaining vegetable nutrients and developing natural and distinctive flavors, observe the following:

1. Serve as garden-fresh as possible.
2. Prepare just before cooking.
3. Cook in tightly lidded pans.
4. Cook in a minimum amount of water.
5. Cook until just tenderly crisp.
6. Drain as soon as cooked, reserving cooking liquor for soup, sauce, or vegetable cocktail.
7. Serve freshly cooked.

The exclusion of air during cooking permits several different vegetables to be cooked at once without intermingling of flavors.

The question of the addition of soda to preserve the color of green vegetables is once more in the food news. Scientists have proved that the addition of soda lowers the Vitamin C content of food. Length of cooking time also affects the Vitamin C content. Recent research has proved that the addition of soda in the cooking of vegetables appreciably lessens the cooking time. This shorter cooking time offsets the loss of Vitamin C due to the addition of soda. So we are where we started from. Soda may be added to preserve color, but only discreetly—just a tiny pinch.

The French, as usual, excel in this branch of cookery. He who has tasted will never forget the delicate perfection of young peas cooked the French way and served as a separate course. Or the crisp hot slices of carrot glazed with butter and brown sugar. Or the outer leaves of lettuce heated just to soft wilting and served with lemon and cream.

The French way with most vegetables is to place them in barely enough water to cover, bring them quickly to the boil, simmer for five minutes, strain, and return to the pan with a little butter or margarine, squeeze of lemon juice, and

● This page includes new adventures in vegetable cookery for the experienced homemaker, basic rules for the beginner, and fine food for the family.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

sprinkling of pepper and salt, and heat to sizzling point, and serve at once. Listed here are appetizing ways with autumn and winter vegetables.

THE AUBERGINE (EGG-PLANT) IS INTERESTING

This purple egg-shaped plant is fine for table decoration and delicious served simply, fried or boiled, or in an entree.

Stuffed Aubergine . . . Cut the plant in half, lengthwise, and simmer in salted water 10 minutes . . . scoop out pulp, leaving shell, combine with breadcrumbs and minced meat or fish, season with onion and pepper and salt, sprinkle with crumbs, dot with butter, and bake in a hot oven (400deg. F.) about 15 minutes.

Scalloped Aubergine . . . peel plant, dice, and saute in butter or substitute for about 10 minutes, combine with white sauce, and add a little chopped parsley or chopped capsicum . . . place in layers with breadcrumbs in an ovenproof dish, top with grated cheese, and brown in oven.

Grilled Aubergine . . . peel plant and slice to 1 in. thick slices, parboil 5 minutes, top each slice with slice of tomato and grating of cheese . . . top with bacon, and grill until bacon is crisped.

POTATOES—OLD, NEW, AND SWEET

The potato has a noble pedigree, and, despite the humble place it takes on most plates, its culinary possibilities are most provocative.

New potatoes boiled in their jackets, skinned, and then served in a cream mushroom sauce or in a browned butter gravy with a seasoning of chives are Parisian.

Old potatoes, sliced thickly, browned in hot fat, and then simmered until tender in milk need no accompaniments to complete a course, except perhaps a scattering of chopped ham over the piping-hot mixture.

Sweet potatoes are at their best baked and served simply; they are fine also cooked in slices in a casserole with sliced apple and pork chops.

Cheesed Potato Cream . . . boil or steam potatoes, mash well or rub through a ricer . . . to every 2 cups potato whip in 1 cup finely grated cheese, a beaten egg, and heat thoroughly, stirring continually. Serve in rough piles, dusted with powdered parsley or paprika.

Baked Sweet Potatoes . . . choose potatoes of uniform size, scrub well, remove imperfect spots, wipe dry . . . bake in hot fat in a moderate oven 1 hour . . . serve in skins with butter, white sauce, cream, or nut butter. Small potatoes are best steamed.

MARROWS, PUMPKINS, AND SQUASH CAN TASTE LIKE LUXURY FOOD

Don't drown them in cooking, and don't overcook them. Young marrows and squash should not be peeled for baking or boiling.

Seasoned Marrow with Mushroom Sauce . . . boil marrow in skin until nearly cooked, rinse, slice in half lengthwise, scoop out seeds, stuff with veal seasoning (as for poultry), bake in a moderate oven about 30 minutes, and serve with a browned mushroom sauce or fried mushrooms.

Marrow Genoese . . . peel marrow, remove seeds, and cut into 1 in. slices . . . combine with sliced onions and saute in little fat for 5 to 10 minutes . . . add sliced skinned tomatoes, pepper, and salt, and cook 5 minutes . . . turn into dish, top with crumbs and grated cheese, and brown.

Baked Turkecap . . . cut into sections, remove seeds, and place shell downwards and bake in a moderate oven until tender, about 1 hour. Scrape out pulp, mash and season, adding a little butter and (if available) cream . . . may be piled back into shell for reheating and serving . . . top may be dusted with grated cheese or ginger.

Pumpkinburgers . . . combine 1 cup mashed pumpkin, 1 cup mashed potato, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, and 1 teaspoon chopped onion . . . shape into cakes and fry . . . serve with bacon and hot chutney.

CABBAGE HAS A DELICATE FLAVOR

No vegetable has been more badly treated in the past than the cabbage. Chief sin against it has been overcooking. Overcooking gives it a strong, rank flavor, poor texture and color. But cooked in about 1 inch of boiling water in a tightly covered pan for 8 to 12 minutes its delicate flavor is a revelation. Fanning is a good way, too!

Panned Curried Cabbage . . . saute a sliced small onion in 2 tablespoons salad oil for 2 minutes, add 1 cup sliced tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon salt, and 5 cups finely shredded cabbage. Cook, covered, for about 10 minutes, stirring occasionally or shaking pan. For four.

Scalloped Cabbage . . . combine 5 cups finely shredded raw cabbage with 2 cups white sauce and 1 cup grated cheese . . . place in greased oven dish, top with breadcrumbs, dot with butter, and bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes. For four to six.

Continued on page 35

CRUMBED VEAL
with beet, milky
corn, beans, and
fried marrow slices.



STUFFED AUBERGINE
with carrot straws, minted
potatoes, and orange and
lettuce salad.



COLOSEPTIC FOR BETTER INTERNAL CLEANNESS

Coloseptic checks self-poisoning (Autoxemia) and intestinal fermentation. It produces normal evacuation, thus helping to build and retain good health. A level teaspoonful in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained.

COLOSEPTIC
(AUSTRALIA) LTD.
19 O'CONNELL ST., NEWTOWN, N.S.W.

**FULL SUPPLIES
OF
AUNT MARY'S
BAKING POWDER
AVAILABLE FROM
YOUR GROCER!**

ALIVE with Health
Dr. JUDD'S
ALKALINIZING
CONTAINS GLUCOSE FOR ENERGY
FRUIT SALINE

Not only a pleasant, cooling drink, but also kidney & liver tonic — truly alive with health!

FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND GROCER STORES. 5/- OZ. 1/4

YOU CAN WIN PRIZES

The price of life — happiness, friends, romance, comfort and contentment, well-paid employment are awarded to men and women who use Dr. Judd's Alkalizing Fruit Saline. Tiredness, depression, that worn-out feeling caused by strain, overwork and worry, handicap you from the jump.

If work and worry are getting you down, it's time you had a fast-acting tonic that will rally you at once and build up your health quickly and surely. You need WINCARNIS, the "No-Waiting Tonic". The very first glass makes you feel better. It fortifies the brain and nerves. Recommendations from medical men testify to its value. WINCARNIS is blended from choice vitamins and contains essential fortifying properties. Get a bottle from your chemist to-day. WINCARNIS will soon put you on the road to health.



DON'T OVERLOOK the value of clear, hot broths for stimulating appetites of the overtired or convalescent. The pretty convalescent above is Anita Louise, Columbia player.

New recipe for scones

● Prizewinners in this week's recipe contest will find high favor with family or guests.

BEGINNERS take note: Scone dough must be soft, almost too soft to handle on the board. Turn the soft dough out on to a floured slab and knead lightly to give it a smooth, even texture.

A very hot oven (450deg. F.) is necessary to cook the scones. Serve them always freshly made.

Butter is not a must for service. Try orange marmalade with cheese scones, honey with date scones, apple butter with ginger scones.

CHEESE AND GINGER SCONE ROLLS

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch of cayenne pepper, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 1/2 cups milk (or use 1 egg and 1 cup milk), about 2 tablespoons of finely chopped preserved ginger. Sift flour, salt, and pepper. Add cheese and rub in butter. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Roll to an oblong sheet, about 1 in. thick. Brush with milk and sprinkle with ginger (or use dates or chopped apple). Roll as for Swiss roll. Cut into 1 in. sections. Glaze with milk. Bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for about 15 minutes. Serve freshly made — preferably hot. Try with hot apple puree or pears baked in spiced syrup.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Craig, Cameron St., Wauchope, Nth. Coast, N.S.W.

BAKED ONION CUSTARD

Eight onions, each about the size of an egg, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, rind of half an orange, a grating of nutmeg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper.

Peel and boil the onions until tender. Strain, reserving one cup of cooking liquor. Place the onions

in a pie dish. Beat the eggs with the milk, add the cup of onion liquor, orange rind, pepper, salt, and nutmeg. Pour over the onions and bake in a slow oven until lightly set, about half-hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. McHue, 196 Darby St., Cook's Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W.

DOROTHY'S BRAN BREAD

One tablespoon treacle or golden syrup, 1 cup hot water, 1 cup milk, 2 cups flour, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 1/2 cups bran.

Mix treacle in hot water. Stir into the sifted flour, baking powder, and salt. Add the milk and then the bran, mixing to a soft consistency, adding a little more water or milk if necessary. Bake in a greased loaf tin (about 10 in. by 5 in. by 3 in. deep) in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) for about 45 minutes. To keep top crust from cooking hard the bread can be covered during the first 30 minutes of baking. Serve thinly sliced with butter or preserves.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Frances Lackey, 8 Macquarie St., Tamworth, N.S.W.

SAVORY SALAD STICKS

One cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 oz. good fat or margarine, 1 tablespoon chopped chilli, 1 teaspoon chopped gherkin, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon celery salt, 1 egg, water.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and pepper. Rub in the shortening, add finely chopped chilli and gherkin. Bind with beaten egg and sufficient water to make a dry dough. Roll thinly and cut into narrow strips. Place on a greased tray, bake in a moderate oven, 350 deg. F., for 10 to 12 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. L. Paul, 30 Winifred St., Adelaide.

From the garden patch

THESE ARE DIFFERENT

Beets seem to taste better when they keep their brilliant color. Choose young beets as often as possible. They may be cooked whole in their skins in boiling water from 30 to 90 minutes, according to size and age. Or cook them quickly by peeling and slicing as in the recipe for devilled beets.

Hot Devilled Beets . . . cook 3 cups cubed beets in 1 cup boiling water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, curl of lemon or orange rind, and 1 or 2 cloves until tender, about 20 minutes. Drain and add 1 tablespoon salad oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, and good dash of pepper. Serve hot. Turnips also respond to good cooking. Use a minimum of water, and do not overcook them.

Continued from page 34

Turnip Newburg . . . add to 2 cups cooked diced turnips 2 cups of white sauce, 3 chopped hard-boiled eggs, 1 teaspoon anchovy paste, dash of paprika, cayenne, and nutmeg. Serve very hot on buttered toast.

Broccoli Neapolitan . . . discard large leaves and coarse stems. Split stems and cook, uncovered, in boiling salted water until nearly tender. Drain and saute in salad oil until lightly browned. Serve very hot sprinkled with grated cheese.

Carrots Arabella . . . whip 1 tablespoon peanut butter into 1 cup white sauce, add 2 cups cooked diced carrots, and serve liberally topped with chopped parsley.

"GLAMOUR—

it's 1 part beauty
and 9 parts
beauty care"

says
Loretta Young

Starring in
R.K.O.'s "Along
Came Jones"

WHAT A WONDERFUL FEELING
WHEN YOU KNOW YOUR SKIN
LOOKS SMOOTH AND LOVELY!
I NEVER NEGLECT MY DAILY
ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS WITH
LUX TOILET SOAP

LUX TOILET SOAP
IS A REAL BEAUTY
SOAP. I USE IT FOR
MY DAILY BEAUTY
BATH, TOO

Tests show that 3 out of 4 complexions
quickly improved with Lux Toilet Soap.
Try this simple beauty care yourself.
First pat Lux Toilet Soap's active lather
into your skin. Rinse with warm water,
splash with cold and pat with soft
towel to dry. You'll soon notice your
skin becoming softer,
smoother, lovelier.



The bath and complexion care
of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars

LT-161-26

Soon . . .

Gossard too, has been doing a war
job, but is gradually getting back
to peace-time production, so that ALL
women may once again thrill to the
comfort and style of famous Gossard
Foundations.

Keep asking for "MisSimplicity"
and other Models at your favourite
leading store—supplies are received
regularly.

THE
Gossard
LINE OF BEAUTY



Nursing & Expectant
Mothers use

LAXETTES

The Gentle and Effective Laxative
PACKED IN TINS FOR YOUR PROTECTION



PAINT to your heart's content



Taubmans Paints are back to brighten up the home with all their new loveliness.

Sparkling, brilliant-gloss Dynamel . . . what a thrill it will be to watch that shabby kitchen furniture become gay with every stroke of your brush!

The one and only Solpah . . . not only to bring wear-proof beauty to your floors and linoleums inside—but for the garden path and verandah steps outside.

And of course, Silvafros, with its gleaming silvery finish for your stove, bathheater and metal gates.

Yes, you can go ahead and "do over" your whole home as you've been longing to . . . plan exciting new color schemes . . . bring old-fashioned rooms up-to-date . . . because Taubmans wonderful paints are here in their second-to-none quality.

Anyone can do a good job with DYNAMEL. It goes on so smoothly—never leaves brush marks. And, there are so many beautiful brilliant gloss colors to choose from!



SOLPAH

wears like iron on any
walked-on surface



SILVAFROS

heat resistant and rust-proof
on all metalwork



SUPER PAINT

the highest standard
for exterior painting

DYNAMEL — there's a use for it in every room. It's better than enamel—dries twice as fast—twice as hard. Easy to apply too—and that brilliant gloss is long-lasting, hard-wearing finish.

TAUBMAN'S — PAINTS —

